Vol. CXXI. No. 1578.

London, September 23, 1931

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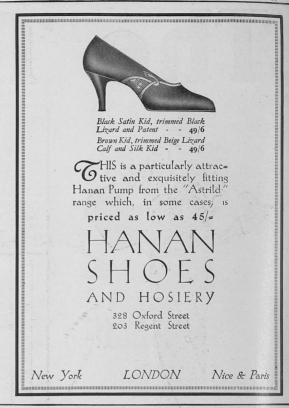
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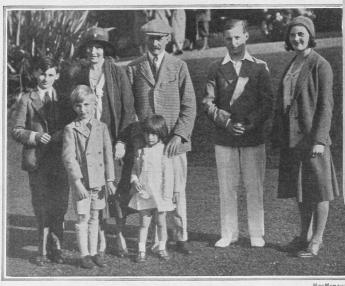




#### COLONEL THE HON. H. R. ALEXANDER AND LADY MARGARET BINGHAM

Whose marriage is to take place on October 14 at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Lord and Lady Lucan's younger daughter is dark, very intelligent, and rather quiet, but possesses a splendid sense of humour as well as a particularly charming manner. Lady Margaret does not believe in being idle, and during the last few months has been working hard with a firm of house agents. Colonel Alexander, Lord Caledon's second brother, commanded the Irish Guards, 1928-30. Few of his fellow countrymen can dance an Irish jig as well as he. He saw a tremendous lot of fighting in the War before being severely wounded. Subsequently he went with his battalion to Constantinople

## The Letters of Eve



AT HOME IN COUNTY KERRY

Lord and Lady Lansdowne and their family (from left to right) Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice, Lord Kerry, and Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, at Sheen Falls, their Irish home, to which they are much attached. Lord Kerry, who is at Eton, will be eighteen next month. Lady Elizabeth is only four

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1 OT a great deal of London news for you this week, except a flood of first nights, so perhaps I'd better start by giving you the benefit of my post-bag, box, or

wire what-not.

Such perfect weather for the Gathering at Oban (writes Peter, late, but better than never, I suppose). One felt quite sorry for those tossing cabers and putting weights; they must almost have melted away. Even if they had, the onlookers probably wouldn't have noticed, as most people seem to have no eyes for anything but the social side.

Tartans and tweeds, bonnets and Glengarries and plaids certainly make a most delightful effect, though this, I fear, is slightly marred for us English by recollections of Douglas Byng's "Flora Macdonald" and Miss "Flora Macdonald" and Miss Mitford's "Highland Fling." Anyhow, the Games, where several records were broken, I believe, always provide an opportunity for making rendezvous at the Balls.

These really are the greatest fun, and all the more enjoyable because they are so obviously enjoyed. This year they were, perhaps, a trifle less boisterous than usual. Of course the true Scot scores heavily on such occasions. There is nothing quite so inane - looking as a Sassenach,

MISS PRISCILLA BULLOCK

Discussing the finer points of swimming with Instructor McCracken, the Scottish expert at the North Berwick baths. Miss Bullock, who is very tall for her eleven years, is Lord Derby's grand-daughter. Her mother, the late Lady Victoria Bullock, was tragically killed out hunting in 1927



LIEUT .- COLONEL W. SELBY-LOWNDES The Squire of Whaddon with his sister-in-law, Miss Mildred Wilson, at Pitsany in Czechoslovakia, where they are testing the curative properties of the mud baths. The initial plunge into mud takes some courage, but once in, the effects are most soothing

his coat-tails whirling, trying to compete in a reel. It is surprising that so many have the courage to do so.

> uite the most handsome figure at the balls was Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch. good-looking son Angus, who has been studying art in Paris, danced a lot with Mlle. Sylvia de Oliveira. As the latter is dark and he fair this was a most happy combination.

Miss Patricia St. Clair, Lord Sinclair's small red-haired daughter, showed colossal energy, but must be in very good training for she looked as delightfully fresh at the end of the evening as she did at the beginning. Not so Lord Dunluce, who went a rare gallop to start with but eased up later.

Pretty Miss Macrae was having the success which is expected of her. She came in a party with her aunt, Lady Bute, and one or two Crichton - Stuarts, without whom no Highland Gathering is really worth while.

Lady Glasgow was chaperoning her daughter, Lady Grizel Boyle, with her usual zeal, and handsome Mark Ogilvie-Grant trod several measures with his cousin, Miss Macgregor of Cardney. He is just back from Egypt, where he is Secretary to the High Commissioner. Miss Margaret Commissioner. Livingstone-Learmonth, who is getting married soon, and the Ronald Cheapes were three of the multitude of others there.

letter from Heather Thatcher headed Beverly Hills, California, is worth giving you in full:

"Well here I am in the land of the movie stars, and what fun I'm having. I'm simply crazy about this climate, such a lovely change from dear but drear old London. What a summer



THE HON. KATHARINE NORTON

Lord Grantley's youngest daughter has been a decorative feature of Monte Carlo's bathing beach during the past six weeks or so, and her choice of sea-side suitings is admirable

came through the Panama Canal and wouldn't have missed it for worlds. A great experience. Jascha Heifetz and his wife, Florence Vidor of the silent films, also Alice Joyce, another silent film star, were on board, so we had a rollicking

time, and not entirely noiseless! Jascha is playing here at the Hollywood Bowl next week. I wish I could describe it to you, but I shan't attempt to beyond saying that it brought a lump to my throat the first time I went. Thousands attend every night and the starlit scene is almost too wonderful to be believed.
"I've met lots and

lots of famous screen faces - Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Ruth Chatterton, Dolores del Rio, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Lionel Barrymore, Clive Brook, and so on, and so on. It

gave me such a kick.
"Staying a little longer than I intended, firstly because I'm enjoying myself so much, secondly because things

you have had there. I do feel so sorry for you all. "I'm stay-

ing with Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse. They have a glorious house here with a swimming pool and tennis courts to match. One just lives in a bathing suit all day and it's heavenly. As this is the first real holiday I've had for over five years I'm making the very most of it. One might not get such a chance again for a long time. It's a grand change. I felt I just wanted some sun on my little body and, believe me, I've had it. Not a spot of rain since arrived. Hot days and cool

evenings.

AT THE BRACKLEY HUNTER TRIALS

A group including the Hon. Charles Mills (of whom another photograph appears on p. 525), Mr. Doran Williams, Miss B. Hoskin, Miss B. Williams, Mile. S. Danton, Captain J. Macdonald, the Rev. H. Hoskin, Mrs. Hoskin, and the Hon. Penelope Mills. Brackley, in the Bicester country, is a great centre for sporting activities

seem a bit dull in London, and thirdly because the play which is being written for me won't be ready till December. I do hope it will be good."

And so say all of us.

potential new sleuth came my way the other day. She was positively dripping with gossip, so, thinking of you, my dear, I suggested she might send me an occasional account of life as she saw it. The following, for which I take no respon-



LIFAR AT THE LIDO

The one and only Serge Lifar, now burnt almost black, adopts a Russian ballet pose at the feet of beauty, as represented by Madame Simon Rolo, Donna Bice Figerio, and Madame Lucien Lelong, the famous dress designer

sibility whatever, is her first effort and, I fancy, her last.

Loin-cloth parties have naturally been all the rage lately, but I think the palm should be awarded to Miss "Bunty" Bellbotham for the original to-do she gave on the roof of her lovely house off Battersea Park Lane. Despite the nip in the air exiguous garments were de rigueur, though the Earl of Epping (whose sudden renunciation of his duties at Eton owing to illhealth will be so regretted) wore an ermine one-piece with cleverly inlaid hot-water bottles.

Captain "Chips" Burford was a colossal success with the white goat, which is now his inseparable companion.

He milked it frequently during the evening, aided by Lady Nark, who was wearing one of last year's blankets with a red trade mark on her forehead. Miss "Trotty" Bedlington had shaved her whiskers in the cause of art and, it being Mumday, did not contribute to the conversation. However, she helped to make things go by writing a list of her favourite drinks in Sanskrit on Mr. "Tiny" Blackford's anatomy.

That amusing creature, the Contessa Kissa de Monk, played roulette and nursery rhymes on her spinning-wheel, and Colonel "Puffin" Johnstone said he'd never had such an evening-by gad - since he was stationed in Singsingapore in '66.

(Continued overleaf)

#### THIE ILIETTIERS OF IEVIE—continued

T sually, by this time of year, North Berwick becomes more or less depopulated, but this very curious summer has treated the place pretty well; therefore, people linger on, and I hear

that it is still quite full.

Miss Joyce Wethered

is staying there

with Mr. Esmond.

and her brother

Roger has come to join her. With Miss Diana



ON THE CURRAGH

Lady Moira Forbes, Lord Granard's elder daughter, with Miss Patricia Richards, watching the parade at last week's meeting. There is said to have been racing (horse and chariot) on the Curragh long before the dawn of the Christian era

Esmond as a fourth, they make a formidable party, literally capable of taking on anybody, for although Miss Esmond is barely twenty-one she is one of the best golfers about.

Aymée Lady Clerk has been setting good examples to the much younger generation, thinking nothing of a round or two on the men's course. She has let her house to Mr. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn; this is a most progressive young man and an ardent member for the East Toxteth Division. Not long ago he had an alarming experience during a cross-country flight in a German omnibus 'plane. It caught fire, but was cleverly landed by the pilot and the flames extinguished, though not before Mr. Buchan-Hepburn had had his coat well singed.

Anna Lady Neumann and her daughter, Rosie, are great advocates of North Berwick and have a house there. Other temporary housekeepers are Mrs. D'Arcy, Lady Helen O'Brien, Colonel and Mrs. Sidney Lane, and Mr. Sidney Hankey. From this you must see what a pleasant place it is.

The supply of engaged couples about whom one could write is inexhaustible, but I take core and it. is inexhaustible, but I take care not to do so often as one has to be so very circumspect. Once you insinuate that one of the pair is particularly lucky—well, you see the snag, and it doesn't go well at all. However, Miss Sheila Bamfylde and Mr. Denis Stucley ought to have a mention if only because they are taking to matrimony younger than people usually do these

Miss Bamfylde isn't twenty yet, and has the most elfin face with rather pointed eyes and curly lashes. Her fiancé was prime planner of a tremendous party which happened on, in, and beside the River during the summer, and there was a good deal of gnashing when she was not allowed to attend!

can never quite understand the significance of Baby Week, Rat Week, and this or that week with which the year is interspersed in various neighbourhoods. Anyhow, according to my news, it has definitely been pro-Baby Week just lately, for many new ones of merit have appeared.

Mrs. Colin Hugh Smith's son is one of the latest arrivals, and that Guinness is good for two has been proved by Mr. and Mrs. Bryan of that ilk. Their second boy had a great welcome.

Ladies should traditionally have come first on the list; daughters were the thing for the Hambledens and Sir Pyers and Lady Mostyn; these two babies had the same birthday, and each a small brother waiting for them.

Tow about this first-night business. I went to two. Ouite In fun-making, though the point of Take Two from One completely evaded the poor little mind. No, my dear, nothing to do with 10 per cent. cuts. Possibly Lady Dudley may have known something about it; she didn't appear to be unduly startled when Nicholas Hannen suddenly sprang into the stagebox. Anyway Gertrude Lawrence wore fascinating frocks, so we had lots to look at.

The sensation of the stalls was Jeanne de Casalis, an acting widow at the moment, as her husband is in Hollywood. Picture to yourself a skin burnt to a deep office-chair brown in juxtaposition to shimmering white satin with diamond shoulderstraps. A tiara twinkled on that lovely fair hair. Arresting? You've said it. The resultant "o-o-ohs" from the pit almost blew me out of my seat into the arms of Henry Kendall who happened to be passing.

fancy Mrs. d'Erlanger was the owner of one particularly platinum blonde head, but this new colour scheme is so Mrs. Richard Norton was looking splendid.

Noel Coward was with Mrs. Calthrop, and Mr. Oliver Messel bore outward and visible signs of his visit to the Lido. According to pictorial information he seems to have spent most of his time there building sand castles with Lady Diana Cooper.

Attended the arrival at the Palace of Viktoria and Her Hussar on Thursday. It hasn't any connection with our late Queen (hence the "k," of course), and there was no question of "we are not amused." At one moment I saw Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a red confection and a box, verging between ecstasy and collapse, and trying to prevent her tears of joy from dripping on to Mr. Selfridge's white locks down below. No speeches but two National Anthems.-Love, Eve.

An Apology

With reference to a paragraph which appeared on p. 431 VV of our issue of the 9th inst, from a correspondent in Ireland concerning an incident at Phænix Park Races, when it was suggested that a well-known G.R. and his lady

friend were escorted to the gate between two officials, we wish to tender our apologies to the lady and gentlemen who were referred to, and unreservedly to withdraw the statement made, which we now find to be incorrect, and we wish to express our sincere regret for any inconvenience and annoyance which such statement may have caused



WATCHING THE R.A. AT PLAY

Lady Zetland with her daughters, Lady Jean and Lady Lavinia Dundas, and Lieut.-Colonel Gardner-Waterman, R.A., at the Gymkhana recently got up by the Royal Artillery at Harley Hill, Catterick

them.

No. 1578, September 23, 1931] THE TATLER

#### THE NORTHERN MEETING AT INVERNESS



MISS VICKERS AND LADY CAWDOR



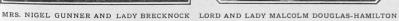
LORD AND LADY BELPER AND MR. DONALD CAMERON OF LOCHIEL



LADY LOVAT AND COLONEL A. W. MACDONALD









LORD AND LADY CHURCHILL

To an observer with an eye for clothes the most outstanding thing about the Northern Meeting, which opened at Inverness on Thursday last, was the ubiquity of checks as a retort courteous to kilts. Both Miss Vickers and her sister, Lady Cawdor, wore check suitings, and in the case of the latter the idea had gone to her head too. A glance at these photographs will show the prevalence of this form of tweed. Even Lord Churchill had had the same notion. Lord and Lady Belper go to Inverness-shire every year and stalk busily. Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon became Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton five months ago in the venerable and lovely Abbey of Beaulieu. Her husband is the third son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, whose Scottish seat is in Lanarkshire. Lady Churchill is a daughter of Mr. William Sinclair

## The Cinema

THE film industry is getting on, intellectually speaking. deduce this from the fact that the index to Mr. Paul Rotha's Celluloid contains such names as Andreyev, Balzac, Brunetière, Cézanne, Degas, Flaubert, El Greco, Tolstoy, H. G. Wells, and Zola. "There's richness for you!" as Mr. Squeers said. But unless he is careful, Mr. Rotha will be getting into trouble. producers to say to this? What, for example, have British

The amount of film trash which becomes effective by its monotonous repetition is amazing, and it is all the more regrettable that England is now, in proportion, the worst offender. The average British picture of to-day is far more offensive than its American It is an unpleasant fact, but it is recognizable that most British producers appear to have a partiality for any situation involving a bed. If you question a responsible executive in our studios as why his films are morally unsound and their tone that of lowmindedness, he will inform you that this type of film brings in the most money. It is true, of course, that a certain section of the public will always respond when its lowest instincts are tickled, but the point is that most British producers have not tried to make any other kind of film except the vulgar. They are totally unjustified in saying that a well-made intelligent

film is not a commercial success.

I imagine the answer of the British producer would consist in trotting out a number of wellmade and intelligent films which have not been commercial successes. And why should they be? Some little time ago I spent a Saturday evening in a Hammersmith picture-house watching the excellent film made from the play of Young Woodley, and I noted that all those parts of the story which moved a cultivated Westend audience to tears were received with titters, rising now and then to the uncontrolled guffaw. A great American filmproducer has frankly admitted that he produces his films simply with an eye to the hoboes of the Middle West. But has England no hoboes? Those highbrow critics who imagine that she has none have obviously forgotten what the Strand is like on the night of a Cup Final. Indeed I should not be surprised to hear that the average British producer, whose first aim must be to get his money back, is compelled to have his eye very largely on the Cup Tie crowd, for of such the bulk of cinema-goers must necessarily be All film critics must of

necessity be up against the anomaly of criticising as an art that which its producers know to be an industry. On the other hand there is the astonishing fact that films have only to be good enough on the highest level to compel the admiration even of the chawbacons. The White Hell of Pitz Palu was an enormous success, says Mr. Rotha, "because it fulfilled some of the elementary duties of the proper cinema which the fourhundred-thousand-pounds' extravaganza in colour did not, because it showed mountains and snow and people far from the muck and artificiality of the studios, because the public did not know the actors by name, because for once they were able to forget Elstree and Hollywood ever existed, because they forgot the horrors of the star system and faked scenery.'

I think that perhaps Mr. Rotha occasionally allows his enthusiasm to run away with him; as, for example, when he tells us that the last shot in City Lights "lifts the cinema high above its companion arts. In no other medium could such suffering be so strongly and feelingly expressed, especially in one that counts the spoken word among its attributes." May I remind Mr. Rotha that there was once a play called King Lear, of which one of the concluding "shots" shows a mad father carrying the body of his dead daughter? Much, however, should be forgiven to the right kind of enthusiasm. But Mr. Rotha is not always enthusiastic, and I fancy that

#### A New Book and an Old Fable By JAMES AGATE

he will be coldly looked upon by a distinguished and decided lady if she reads that the limits of Asquith's acquaintance with the many ways life is lived greatly diminish the general appeal of his pictures. Mr. Rotha gives us elaborate reviews of some of the most noteworthy of recent pictures, and I recognize that he is more than sound on the subject of All Quiet on the Western Front, Earth, Tell England, and Le Million. I am afraid I cannot agree with him about Cimarron, which seemed to me no more interesting than watching the pulling down of the Hotel Cecil, which from my agent's spacious office I have been handsomely permitted to view. Nor can I go the whole way with him about *Trader Horn*, which was spoiled for me by a heroine emerging from the African jungle looking as the dy a neroine emerging from the African jungle looking as though she had just come out of Elizabeth Arden's with her lips enhanced by Chariot, that lipstick which is so good with "green" and "woodsy brown"! I consume myself with the velocity to agree that "the new Arden lipsticks will renew your city in the state for the contraction of the contractio faith in life." But they did not renew my faith in this fragrant and spotless young woman who, if I know anything about African aborigines, would have found no use for a cake of soap

except to eat it. Nevertheless, I like Mr. Rotha, and if he ever gets into a private fight I shall be delighted to join in, and on his side.

Really it is time that some of those women who are married to preoccupied commercial magnates took them to the films to see what happens to millionaires who, having vowed at the altar to cherish a young woman for the rest of her life, should forthwith neglect her and devote their remaining existence to the passionate pursuit of pig-iron. Daughters of Luxury, the new film at the Empire, is all about a wealthy storekeeper who, quite reasonably, wants his neck to be free for gazing up at his new skyscraper without the encumbrance of a middle-aged wife clinging round it. It is to be imagined that Fannie Hurst, who has put this quite abject story together, knows no industrial magnates, for if she did she would realise that the assiduity of their compliance to wifely behest is at least ten times greater than that of the average clerk, while it exceeds that of the navvy a thousand-fold. Has Miss or Mrs. Hurst never seen a millionaire crumple up on being told that the telephone-call now coming through is from his private



MISS GRETA NISSEN

As she appears in "Transatlantic," presented at the New Gallery last week. This Fox picture deals with a mysterious murder in a liner, and the photography is quite amazing both in speed and effectiveness. Miss Nissen is a Norwegian.

Before taking successfully to American film work she achieved great fame throughout Scandinavia as a dancer

> house? Has this good lady never seen these wretches wilt at the back of opera-boxes, while in the front their spouses' batten on the public gaze? Daughters of Luxury is complete fudge from beginning to end, for it inculcates a theory which would have seemed equally strange to Solomon and that lesser wiseacre, Samuel Smiles. This theory is that if a man be diligent in his business he will stand not before kings but before the President of the Divorce Court and the local Coroner. At least that is what happens to the rich man in this play, whose wife and daughter propose unto themselves paramours, while the son-by way of protest-commits suicide in an aeroplane crash. The protest is successful in that the paramours are continently thrust into the lurch, while what is left of the family signalises its return to familylife by undertaking a jaunt to Europe in a boat which two successive shots show to be two different vessels. But as a letter, which was read by father and son, was in each case held by the same pair of thumbs, balance was perhaps restored. This agreeable nonsense was extremely well acted by Mr. Leslie Howard, who would be probable if he acted on the peak of Pitz Palu sur-rounded by hell's angels! Mr. Kent Douglas I could see again pleasurably. Miss Irene Rich is still a lovely woman and remains the same capable artist. I am, however, tired of pretending that the good-heartedness of Miss Marion Davies's tomboys is a compensation for the absence of every other claim to distinction.

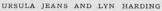
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# ATTH

## AT THE "GRAND HOTEL"



ELENA MIRAMOVA AS GRUSINSKAIA AND HUGH WILLIAMS AS BARON VON GAIGERN





IVOR BARNARD AS THE CLERK WHOSE DAYS ARE NUMBERED

Do not miss Edward Knoblock's adaptation of Vicki
Baum's best seller, "Grand
Hotel," at the Adelphi, notable
for its super-revolving stage,
Raymond Massey's brilliant
production, and a wealth of
line acting. Against the restless Grand Babylon background the various individual
tabloid dramas—the tired Russian dancer, the crooked Baron,
the blustering business man,
the dying clerk, the sardonic
war-shattered doctor, the
amoral typist—stand out in
startling relief. Trinculo and
Tom Titt, our dramatic critic
and cartoonist, will deal with
this remarkable play in next
week's "Passing Shows"



MURDER IN ROOM 471: URSULA JEANS AS FLAEMMCHEN, THE TYPIST, LYN HARDING AS DIRECTOR PREYSING, AND HUGH WILLIAMS AS THE ROBBER BARON

## RACING RAGOUT: "GUARDRAIL"

AKING everything into consideration, the class of yearling offered and the shortage of money, the bloodstock sales at Doneaster did extraordinarily well, though whether they would have been as good had the economical axe fallen a few days earlier is problematical. The blow, heavy as it is, is borne with the utmost possible cheerfulness by all, everyone being thankful that at last, at long last, something has been done. The mystifying thing about the whole proceeding is that you and I and the man in the street and Ding Dong Bell's last-joined apprentice, in fact everyone except our alleged statesmen, could see this coming at least two years ago. It is typical of the British mentality that those who got us into this

mess are given haloes for evolving this extraordinarily unpleasant method of getting us out of it.

Miss Dorothy Paget does nothing by halves, and following on her purchase of some very useful steeplechase horses, she bought the top-priced yearling, a colt out of Waffles. which presumably is to be trained by Mr. Briscoe for its classic engagements. Mr. Briscoe, who started in on his own last year. has done very well this season with his selling platers.

For the first time a loud - speaker placed over the rostrum was in use at the Doncaster sale paddocks, an innovation which it is to be hoped will be introduced at Newmarket, even if it should interfere with the ordinary amenities of gossip.

It is one of the most interesting parts of racing to attend the yearling sales and mark one's catalogue with one's own fancies. Having selected the bay colt by Solario-Quarterdeck, the grey filly by Hurry On-Stefanovna, and the Buchancolts by Orlass and Friar Marcus-Damozel, the two latter for two-yearold performances, it was gratifying to see who bought them. Mr. Berry bought the firstnamed through Frank Butters, who with his string of yearlings from H.H. the Aga Khan, will have a stable worthy of his capabilities next year.

The Portland Handicap was a grand race and a triumph for Xandover with top weight. Heronslea seemed to be beaten for speed from the jump off, Portlaw failed over the last 150 yards, Lone Isle snuffed out in two strides, and the unlucky loser was Fara, who would have won in another ten yards. The most interesting race of the meeting, not even excepting the St. Leger, was the Doncaster Cup, in which Noble Star, an Ascot Stakes winner, Singapore, a Leger winner and an unlucky Gold Cup loser, and Brown Jack met for the first time. In the field also was Mail Fist, for whom I am so rrier than for any horse in

training, his métier being to make the pace for Brown Jack. As he seems to have filled this rôle for some years, and it is patent that he is incapable of getting more than a mile, no one pays the least attention to him at whatever speed he goes. In a truly run race they take it off him after a mile and he can then walk in, but in a slowly-run race such as the Goodwood Cup he has to go through all the motions of a horse taking part in a race for two miles and come in dead-beat. In this case his job was over in half-a-mile, for the Irish filly, Cloverdale, took up the running till the entrance to the straight. From this point onwards Singapore was always winning his race from old Brown Jack, with Noble Star unexpectedly pulling out no wonderful burst of

speed. There are no excuses to be made. In a truly-run race Singapore stamped himself as a great horse by fairly and squarely winning with ease, and under what is hardly a racing weight. Poor old Brown Jack! and described only the week before as the greatest stayer in the world. "Eheu fugaces! sic transit Gloria Swanson."

Many punters had a real good race over this, rightly believing in classic form, but probably few had such a good race as one gentleman who resolutely stuck to Volume. as representing classic form, in the Park Hill Stakes. Though standing to win, if not a fortune, yet enough to make one meal a day certain for a year, he hedged not a penny when that filly was objected to. Tattersalls' ring, who are no mean judges, instantly took the view that Weston on Cap Finisterre had rather overacted the part of the seriously endangered jockey and, as the result turned out, rightly laid odds against the second getting the race. Four out of the five selling races at the meeting were won by Frank Hartigan, a wonderful stableman, whose horses the more they run the bigger they look. It was one of his winners that a gentleman who has most nobly taken it upon his shoulders to stop the farce of putting good horses in selling

COUNT BERNAEIM. SIR WILLIAM BIRD 1RTOM MRS CECIL RICHARDS HANKEY LOOKING FOR HIS PLUNGING ON THE INVERMARK TOTE . ADMIRAL ACRORIE

FEATURING FONTWELL PARK

Where a one-day jump meeting was held last week. Mr. Tom Richards had a pleasant view through his race glasses, for his Invermark won the big race. Mrs. Cecil Hankey. Vice-Admiral A. K. Macrorie, and Sir William Bird are three well knowns in Sussex, the last-named being an ex-High Sheriff for the county. Count Bernheim is a Belgian and a popular cross-country rider

races, elected to bid for and was only saved by the intervention of Providence from buying a worse than moderate animal at about double its value.

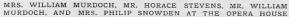
Barring the Golden Hair colt who, despite the name competition producing such masterpieces as Brushwork, Captain Mark, etc., has been called Triton; not another class two-year-old ran at the meeting. Rolling Rock, who put up a game performance to win his race, hardly comes quite into the top class, but Mrs. Rihll, who is keenness personified, will not let it rest at that and will doubtless go to market for one even better for next year.

No. 1578, SEPTEMBER 23, 1931]

#### COVENT GARDEN RE-OPENS



SIR DENISON ROSS AND SIGNOR DINH GILLY





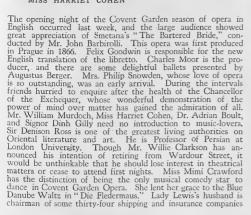
MISS HARRIET COHEN



A LATE ARRIVAL: DR. ADRIAN BOULT



LADY (FREDERICK: LEWIS AND MRS. SZARVASY TALKING TO THE SWEDISH MINISTER





Photographs by Sasha

MISS MIMI CRAWFORD AND MR. WILLIE CLARKSON

THE TATLER [No. 1578, September 23, 1931

## With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING



MR. DOUGLAS GRANT DUFF AINSLIE

Author of "Things Seen" and of many poems. Of late years he has introduced the idealist Italian philosophy of Benedetto Croce to England and America by means of lectures and translations. Mr. Ainslie used to be in the Diplomatic Service and is a nephew of the late Sir M. E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I.

The Story of Two Famous Ships.

7AS not this ship (the Goeben), showing the German flag in this storm-zone of Europe and arousing the envy of others by her mere existence, a symbol of German might and power? Was she not, by the mere fact of her presence, regarded as a challenge?" I cull this passage from Georg Kopp's thrilling story of the Goeben and the Breslau, "Two Lone Ships" (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.). It is such an expression of the War-spirit by the warlike mind. And often, alas! it is just the reason why wars begin-jealousy, rivalry; not the jealousy and rivalry of one nation of another nation, but of one small clique in both nations of each other. Meanwhile, I wonder if the world will ever be governed by the quiet, plodding, hardworking, peace-loving men and women who live behind all these martial scenes? And, whether for good or ill, will have to foot the bill of war-mongers, politicians, profiteers; who themselves too often get off scot free in these modern days, when a man who lets down his country is gently "retired," never hanged. All the same, how much more calmly could we regard the Great War as a horror, a disgrace which the modern world must at all costs outlive, if only we were certain it was the last. But it won't be, alas! There will be other and perhaps even more ghastly conflicts. And eventually, perhaps, mankind will slaughter the best of one another back to the primitive condition of the Missing Link. And the world will be none the worse off. If mankind, after all its sad experience, still remains at heart - f-, incapable of seeing beyond the idiotic anger of the moment, compromising at all costs with that-is, no matter what are certain to be the dire consequences of what-willbe, his downfall eventually is merely a question of logic and of unavoidable consequences. Nevertheless, here in Georg Kopp's interesting, thrilling narrative you have a real War story as amazing as anything which the War provided. Two German battlecruisers, the Goeben and the Breslau, the swiftest men-of-war in the German Fleet, suddenly finding themselves deserted and alone in the Mediterranean; not knowing for some time if War had been declared, nor against whom; nor whom were their enemies, whom their friends, which neighbouring countries were neutral. Italy, for example, refused them coal outright. Then the quick dawning of the truth; the successful attempt to reach the Dardanelles, in spite of the fact that the English cruiser, the Gloucester, had spotted them and was tracking them down like a sleuth-hound after his prey; the uncertainty as to whether Turkey were neutral or an ally. Follows the miraculous success of the two. German ships, not only to evade the whole Russian Grand Fleet in the Black Sea, but to worry it and harry it and mystify it, and in the meanwhile bombard the coast line, creating devastation everywhere. Reading this amazing narrative, you get as devoted to the Goeben and the Breslau as were their crews. Their successes were little less than miraculous. They fought cleanly, but with a crafty intelligence which for months baffled their enemies. Meanwhile, at almost every moment of their existence they were threatened by disaster from mines, torpedoes, from being discovered by the Russian Fleet. And yet they managed to hold on, each ship helping the other to outwit the enemy. No wonder the Russians thought them bewitched and the Turks believed that they lived under

the protection of Allah. It would, indeed, appear for a long, long time that this was true. The story of how the two sister ships out-manœuvred and broke through the combined attack of the Russian Fleet is one of the most thrilling accounts of the War I have ever read. And what handicaps they had to overcome! The difficulty of coaling, the difficulty of even obtaining coal. The colossal feat of repairing the badly-damaged Goeben in a Turkish port where there was no dry dock and very little procurable steel. How, nevertheless, these difficulties were overcome, so that the ship could once again put out to sea. How eventually she was so badly hit that it looked as if her fighting days were over. How she, nevertheless, fought on to the end of the War, damaged but never captured, and now has become a Turkish ship flying the Crescent flag. All this belongs to one of the most exciting, marvellous narratives of the War-comparable in its triumph over the apparently impossible to the epic story of Zeebrugge. And Herr Kopp has told the story just as it should be told; swiftly, dramatically. Incidentally, one learns much of the luck and ill-luck of War behind the

one learns much of the luck and ill-luck of War behind the scenes. How, if the British Fleet had taken immediate steps to fight their way through the Straits, they would undoubtedly have succeeded. "The coast defences could hardly have offered successful resistance to the squadron." As it was, we gave the Turks time not only to organize their resistance but to strengthen their defences, until they became, practically, invulnerable. Again, the Allies ceased their bombardment of the Dardanelles and withdrew, just at the moment when success might have crowned that tragic sacrifice of ammunition and men. One sees how things went from the enemy side, and how, as enemies, we ourselves were regarded. But whatever side we were on, no one but will feel admiration for the men of the Goeben and the Breslau, nor fail in affection towards two ships which, against apparently overwhelming forces and all alone, nevertheless managed to harry the Allies and to mystify them, and to win in encounters where the odds against them were

tremendous. The book is profusely illustrated from snapshots some of which must have been taken under extraordinary difficulties.

A Romantic Ouadrille.

ohn Driver, the Ironmaster (Murray. 7s. 6d.), by Alan Sullivan, had "steel" in his blood. On the other hand Meg Burstall, who loved him, had "coal" in hers. John had inherited a family iron and steel foundry, and Meg a coal mine. Steel was much harder than coal. however, because coal had a burning flame, and consequently John, in-stead of melting, merely and in a metaphorical sense, came to sit beside it and warmed his hands. Therefore, when Auriol, that "bunch of feathers"





PRINCESS RAGNHILD

Scandinavia's most popular baby, with her parents, the Crown Prince and Crown Princes of Norway. The little royal lady was exactly fifteen months old when this engaging photograph was taken on Sept. 9

#### A HARD CASE

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Dole Recipient (at rural labour exchange): I suppose this y'ere reduction they be telling about bean't meant for we reglars, sur?

#### WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

as John's grandfather called her, came upon the scene, John withdrew from Meg's hidden fire, seized the "bunch of feathers" by sheer force of his will, and married her. Auriol, alas! was one of those very tiresome wives who get jealous of their husband's business, heedless of the fact that it keeps them together and pays for everything. And so, as seemingly no wife can possibly become estranged from any husband without joining up with another man, John surprised her one day in the arms of an old lover, Tony. Then the steel was indeed in the fire. There would have been a divorce, only happily the Great War broke out. John had to return to the foundry, where his worries were overwhelmed by munitions. This gave husband and wife a holiday away from one another, and if absence may not always make the heart grow fonder it at any rate helps one towards a sense of proportion. John and Auriol thought twice, realized they

had behaved stupidly, and came together again. Which, of course, left Tony and Meg somewhat isolated. But it is always so pleasant in novels that things do come right before it is too late. This story, which is quite a good one without being in any way remarkable, thus ends happily. Of the four, however, I think Tony did the best for himself. Even without a coal mine as a dowry Meg was one of those nice, unselfish girls who become nicer and more unselfish as they grow older, and wear extremely well-from a companionable point of view that is. The kind of girl whom few young men want to marry, but all middle - aged ones thank heaven they did.

#### The Best Novel I Have Read this Week.

The author is Mr. James Hilton. The title, "And Now Good - Bye" (Benn. 7s. 6d.). The unusual theme that of the true story which lay behind a sensational head-line in a newspaper. Suddenly and without heroism aforethought the Rev. Howat Freemantle, a Nonconformist minister in a small Lancashire

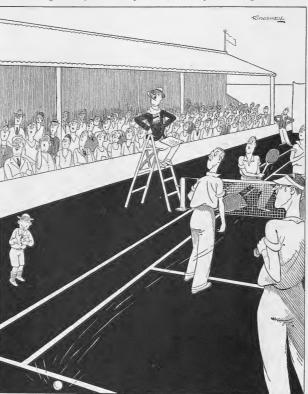
town, finds himself a seven-days' popular newspaper star. So much so, indeed, that his always ungrateful, tiresome wife writes a series of articles on "My Hero Husband," which is read and applauded by millions. And all the time the Rev. Freemantle lies in a state of semi-coma recovering from injuries. The story itself, however, concerns the events which led up to this strange accident—an accident which made the wretched man's fame, but otherwise robbed his life of so much that made it beautiful. How this comes about is so unexpected, so tensely dramatic, that a tale which might otherwise have been just a series of remarkable studies in character becomes poignantly moving, touches beauty. Especially good are the portraits of every single one of the chapel-goers—ironically drawn, perhaps, but human and illuminated by delicious flashes of humour. One has known them all. From the bedridden woman who listens to the minister's prayers by her side as an examiner ready to pounce upon the shortcomings of a doubtful candidate, to the chapel-going Mr. Garland, so full of brotherly love that he gives the hand of friendship to everybody except his own daughter.

But especially moving is the portrait of Freemantle—the lonely, conscientious minister, going about his daily duties wondering if, after all, they are worth while; seeking to bring something of beauty in the lives of his congregation; finding so little himself, until . . . Yes, this is by far the best novel I have read this week. It is true to life, full of understanding as well as sly humour; beauty too, and at moments moving to a degree. If you are on the look-out for a really good novel, a story which is out of the ordinary and very well told, I can thoroughly recommend "And Now Good-Bye." It is one of the few which are well worth reading.

Why Some People Read Novels.

The millionaire is popularly supposed to get all he wants—all except one thing. He is not supposed to get the only

girl he ever wants to marry. She stands out in his life, firmly glued to romance and poverty as embodied in the man she loves. Meanwhile the millionaire is supposed to be gnashing his teeth, and the poor man is relieved to find that envy need not altogether amount to hate. Thus Godfrey Burton, the hero of the hero of Douglas Walshe's novel, "The Man Who Had Everything" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), loved Lilian Lane, but thank God! Lilian remained true to Tony Barrington, Tony lost his money, but could never lose his spirit. But Godfrey increased his hoards and lost his soul. So when Tony came along asking for a job, Godfrey gave him one-a post in a pestilential part of Africa, where if fever did not dispose of him, then a hired assassin would. Poor little rich man! He did not know he was dealing with, a hero and heroes never die. Nevertheless, news did come to hand that Tony was dead. Godfrey was all elation. Would he now get the one thing he wanted, but couldn't have? Perish the thought. Just when triumph seemed at last



THE BALL-BOY WHO SAID "OUT!"

to be his, Tony returned from that Death's Door which had never been properly shut; returned too with more than enough money to marry Lilian, and with inside information regarding Godfrey sufficient to finish his career in all directions. That's the stuff to give 'em! That's how life should pan out—only it doesn't. Which is the reason why many people read novels, I do believe. In novels Destiny knows its proper business, and has been well brought up. It strikes at the right moment and hits the right people; while at the same time it sends the worthy away with flowers in their hands. Whereas in reality . . . . Ah, well!

#### UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)
BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.

THE TATLER

AT SEAVIEW: THE HON. ELIZABETH AND THE HON. MARGARET BLADES

#### NOTABILITIES



LADY SHEILA DURLACHER AND HER HUSBAND AT HAYLING ISLAND





RACING AT WARWICK: LORD WILTON, MISS GORE - LANGTON LADY HILLINGDON, AND THE HON. URSULA AND CHARLES MILLS

Seaview, like many other places in the "Island," added to its importance as a social centre during the Schneider Trophy week-end. On the Sunday, which for once deserved its name, many people took to the water while waiting for the great speed test to start. The Hon. Elizabeth Blades and her sister, ardent swimmers both, are the twin daughters of Lord Ebbisham who, as Sir Rowland Blades, was Lord Mayor of London, 1926-7. He and his family are very popular at Seaview, and have a house there. Mr. Esmond Durlacher and his wife viewed the Schneider Cup trials from Hayling Island. Lady Sheila is Lady Moira Combe's younger sister. The chief feature of the Warwick meeting's second day was the dividend paid to the sole winner of the Tote double, namely £444 12s. Another pleasant occurrence was the presence of Lady Hillingdon, who brought her son Charles and her second daughter for a day's racing. Lord Wilton, who is ten years old, succeeded his father in 1927. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey and her husband recently paid a visit to Monte Carlo. They were in London with their elder son last week, but cub-hunting has called them back to the South Notts



MAJOR AND LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND PATRICK



THE MAN BEHIND THE ENGINE

Sir Henry Royce at Calshot during the Schneider Trophy race training. Sir Henry is the man who is chiefly responsible for the wonderful engines fitted to the British racing machines. Talking with him (in uniform) is Squadron-Leader Orlebar. On the left is Mr. Lovesey, a Rolls-Royce expert, who is also a private aeroplane owner

have done greater and more difficult feats, in short to the scientists and those who apply their labours. Among these people three names stand out for special mention, and will continue to stand out so long as there is such a thing as aviation: Sir Henry Royce, Mr. R. J. Mitchell, and Flight-Lieut. J. N. Boothman. Aided by Lady Houston they won the 1931 Schneider Trophy race for Great Britain, set up new records for the race and made the last act of the most amazing drama of speed the most brilliant.

Clearly no one man can be held individually responsible for the engine or the machine or even for the flying of the machine. But in Mr. Mitchell we find the presiding genius who co-ordinated and directed, who schemed and invented until the S6B seaplanes were such that no other country believed that it could build aircraft which would stand a chance of beating them in open contest. It is the same with the engine. Sir Henry Royce presided, although others, and particularly Mr. Rowledge, one of the finest internal combustion engineers living, played important parts. It is the same with the pilot. Squadron-Leader Orlebar, Flight-Lieut. Long, and Flying-Officer Snaith all contributed to the victory, Squadron-Leader Orlebar in particular. But their work is understood in the name of

Boothman. Those three, therefore, Sir Henry Royce, Mr. R. J. Mitchell, and Flight-Lieut. J. N. Boothman, must always be remembered as the final winners of the Schneider Trophy. In addition to remembering these names all who are interested in flying will make a point of memorizing the following three figures:

340 m.p.h., the average speed for the course. 342'9 m.p.h., the 100-kils. speed record.

343 m.p.h., the speed of the fastest lap.

Upon Flight-Lieut. Boothman devolved the task of standing up before the entire world, taking in his trained and skilful hands the superb instrument specially manufactured for him and playing upon it such a symphony of speed as has not before been conceived.

#### Boothman.

Boothman is thirty years old, married, and has a small son. His career is typical of the man and reveals the adventurous spirit which dominates him. At the age of sixteen he became a voluntary motor driver with the French Red Cross, and was employed in the Balkans between January and

## AIR EDDIES: OLIVER STEWART

"Forget Not This."

Generals and admirals, priests and politicians have had their due in the pages of English history. It is time to turn to other people, to who men

September, 1918. It was then that he won the French Croix de Guerre. His is the true mechanical spirit; he is in sympathy with the machines which he controls, and he combines the qualities of determination and discretion, so that at the peak of his psychological effort he still understands and appreciates the limitations of his craft.

The Speed Record.

The Sunday of the Schneider Trophy race was September 13. It was an unlucky day for those who attempt to compete with Great Britain in aeronautical matters. For after Flight-Lieut, Boothman, in a perfect setting of sun and blue sea, had won the Schneider Trophy outright, Flight-Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, an artist at the controls, both fearless and scientific, went up in the second Vickers Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6B and attacked the world's speed record.

I had watched the Schneider fly over from Ryde Pier. For the speed record attempt I returned to Calshot because the three kilometres course lay between Hill Head and Lee-on-Solent. Flight-Lieut. Stainforth did what was expected of him; that is to say, he flew with the utmost perfection of technique, without a fault, and swept back and forth over the course, lifting the speed record up from Squadron Leader Orlebar's 357'7 m.p.h. to the astonishing figure of 379.05 m.p.h. Perhaps by the time these notes appear a further attempt will have been made with the Rolls-Royce "sprint" engine, and the figure may have been raised even further.

Whether it is or not Stainforth's flight was, I think, the finest exhibition of judgment and skill that has ever been seen. The rules governing the three kilometres world's



COMMANDER "JIMMY" BIRD

Upon whom, as Chairman of the Royal Aero Club Schneider Trophy Committee, devolved the chief re-sponsibility for the organization of the event. His yacht "Aerolite," and his yellow and green Rollya-Royce, were much in evidence at Calshot during Schneider fortnight

speed record allow the aircraft to be taken up to about 1,250 ft., and so far as a dive from that height is practical, the pilot may use Flight - Lieut. it. Stainforth swept back and forth along the course in huge stoops which ended and began at exactly the right places, and which brought him over the three kilometres at what looked like 150 or 200 ft. The diffi-culty of judging those long dives must have been





ON CALSHOT SLIPWAY

Major Buchanan and Sir Robert McLean, Major Buchanan and Sir Robert McLean, who between them did so much to secure the British Schneider Trophy victory, Major Buchanan probably knows as much about the design of high speed seaplanes as any man living, Sir Robert McLean is Chairman of Vickers Aviation, builders of the wonderful British machines





THE DUKE OF GRAFTON

LADY JANE FITZROY

#### THE DUKE OF GRAFTON AND HIS TWO SISTERS

Recent Portraits

When the 8th Duke of Grafton died in January, 1929, the dukedom went to his grandson, his only son, Lord Ipswich, having been killed in action during the European War. The present Duke celebrated his seventeenth birthday on August 1. Four livings are in his gift, and his vast family place, Euston Hall, is near Thetford. Early this year His Majesty was "pleased to ordain and declare" that the Duke's two sisters should have the rank and precedence to which they would have been entitled had their father succeeded. Lady Jane FitzRoy comes second in the family, and Lady Mary was born after her father's death. Lady Ipswich married again some two years ago, and is now Mrs. Gavin Hume-Gore. The ceremony took place at Whittlebury Church, and her son gave her away, while her two daughters sang in the choir





LADY MARY FITZROY



RESPONDENT AND "CO."-PUTATIVE

Lady Mere (Miss Isabel Jeans) and Logan (Mr. Owen Nares), a hopeful barrister, having a quite irregular heart-to-heart talk about his having given up his room in an hotel to her. Of course Counsel, must not see anyone excepting through the medium of a solicitor—the inferior but necessary branch of the profession

TOMITITE OF THE PARTY OF THE PA

SAUNDERS (MISS MAR-GARET BAIRD)

Her ladyship's Scottish maid, who is failing to put a cheerful face on the scandal RAMATISTS who write good plays should be encouraged to marry leading ladies who can act them. Mr. Walter Hackett and Miss Marion Lorne are the best-known examples of this form of give-and-take; and now Mr. Gilbert Wakefield and Miss Isabel Jeans have taken the field as potential challengers for the Drama's Dunmow Flitch.

Counsel's Opinion, the farcical comedy which Messrs. Leslie Henson and Firth Shephard have offered up at the Strand in succession to It's a Boy, should prove almost as satisfactory a hostage to fortune as its predecessor. Reasons: the comedy is not too farcical; the talk is bright without attempting to be witty; the situations are sufficiently intriguing to keep the slender threads of artificiality from breaking; the principal rôles fit their occupants with madeto-measure precision; the lesser parts are played by Somebodies with a capital S instead of comparative nobodies; the mounting looks good to the eye; and the producer, Mr. Leslie Henson, has done his work most carefully, skilfully, and construc-tively. Whether Mr. Henson, our most consistently funny funny-man, could himself toe the white line of comedy without toppling over into farce is by the way. Probably not,

because no comedy actor with a face like Mr. Henson's—the face that put the gold in gold-fish—could remain a comedy actor for long. Farce and musical comedy would do battle for him at once. In spite of one or two enlivening quips and bits of business which one imagines to be entirely Hensonian, this light and airy entertainment sticks stylishly to its guns, and is all the better for it.

If the reader remembers how insouciant, froward, fascinating, and half a dozen other adjectives Miss Isabel Jeans was as the Greek charmer who seduced Hannibal in his tent in The Road to Rome (the best part I have ever seen her in), the critic's task of re-analysing this actress's particular "It" will be less arduous. How is it that Miss Jeans can carry off these bedroom and sofa scenes with such immaculate attack? Is it her voice, deliberately high-pitched and artificial? Her figure; her walk (so few women walk provocatively); her complexion; her clothes and the flair for them; the insolent tilt of her nose; the mockery which tips her arrowed mannerisms with a venomous challenge; her brittleness; her sense of style and gesture; her unfaltering timing; her air of sophisticated innocence; her ultra feminine flippancy? Really the reader must take his choice. At the Strand Miss Jeans,



THE WAITER (MR. FRED HEARNE)

A wonderfully good impersonation of a type of person we all know so well



GEORGE THE VALET (MR. CYRIL SMITH)

The essence of decorum in any situation no matter how trying or com-plicated—a flawless character sketch. George is a racing

wiches, and finally his comfortable bedroom. Logan retires to the sofa in a room full of smoke and fog, leaving the lady in possession of his exotic dressing-gown and his not too constant heart. The curtain falls momentarily on a night made decorous by the intervening door, and in the morning, after a battle over the breakfast egg, Logan hurries off

to his chambers treasuring the aftermath of one satisfying kiss, but still uninformed on the subject of the lady's name, address, and husband. All that he knows for certain is that she is staying with an uncle, wears a wedding ring, and has promised to dine with him that evening.

Act 2 is Logan's chambers in the Temple, where the piquant situation develops of a denouncer of co-respondents being professionally consulted in a case where he himself is the co-respondent. Or so Logan thinks, for his professional conscience is blind to the laws of coincidence or the circumstances governing "period" costume balls where all the ladies dress alike. His client is a pompous sexagenarian, Lord Mere, called, with who incredible swiftness, to set about

revelling in her confident bedazzlement, immaculately mistress of all she surveys, carries off the only woman's part that matters (no offence to Miss Margaret Baird who, as a

bemused and verra Scotch maid, once more deserves a medal for deliberate self - uglification) with a high-heeled, high-handed ravishment which can be inadequately described as a symphony of seduction on one note.

What chance, then, has Mr. Owen Nares, or rather Hubert Logan, divorce court barrister, of retaining his bedroom at

the Royal Parks Hotel on a night of a pea-soup fog and a Charity Charles the Second Ball against the inroads of this divine lady, divinely clad in the picturesque attire of a Restoration belle? None whatever, though the manager has explained the situation - how the fog-bound dancers cannot get home, how every chair and sofa has been commandeered for the night, and how the ladies are clamouring for somewhere to rest their dance-weary. heads. Logan, tired out after two days of travel, is a selfish, comfort-loving bachelor and is not having any. He refuses even to give up his sitting-room and its sofa, whereupon Miss Jeans walks in as though the place belongs to her, and in due course annexes his sittingroom, his camel-haired coat, eiderdown, coffee and sand-

amusing story

(MR. ROBERT

RENDEL)

One of those who render

support to

WILLOCK (MR. MORTON SELTEN) AND LORD MERE (MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH)

It is a dead-heat between these two persons as to which is the sillier old silly ass. They are brothers and ought to have been twins. They are the really bright lights in "Counsel's Opinion," a great joy to behold and to listen to

divorcing his young wife, formerly an artist's model and a mannequin, in consequence of her conduct (and presumed misconduct) at the Royal Parks The unknown man was seen

leaving her bedroom on the occasion of the aforesaid fog and dance, whither she had gone with a party, the male members whereof were in a position to prove the innocence of their nocturnal movements.

How Miss Jeans, by guile and bluff, retreat and advance, maintains the illusion intact : how Mr. Nares. now backing out of his proposal of marriage with tactful cowardice, now assuming the rôle of sacrificial he-man, now inventing a pride - and - poverty-livedown - the - scandal story about roughing it together on an African swamp-"Splendid," says Miss Jeans, knowing all about his £1,500 a year, "we can grow orchids and I'll wear them at dinner "-keeps the pace undiminished; how, in fact, the souffle lasts the full three courses without cooling off or getting stodgy is, when one comes to think it over, a bit of a mystery. With full respect to the author, the solution seems to lie with the acting. Mr. Nares, happier as a rule



SLADE (MR. RONALD SIMPSON)

A lawyer's clerk to the last nails in the heels of his bootsanother of the cleverly etched characters "Counsel's Opinion

with heart on sleeve than tongue in cheek, briskly plays the deceived deceiver with just the right mixture of sophisticated suavity and easy charm. Miss Jeans makes her points, wears enchanting clothes which beggar the male powers of description (the punnet as worn by Mr. George Robey is still fashionable I notice), and generally expresses feminine caprice in terms of temptation in such a way as to ensure the piece a run off her own bat. Mr. Allan Aynesworth, as Lord Mere, assumes the

habit of an elderly bore with that polished artlessness which conceals his own particular art, and in so doing wears a frock coat which appears to be the father of all those foursquare Aynesworthian masterpieces which are no longer envisaged by "The Tailor and Cutter." As his solicitor brother, Mr. Morton Selten leers, lapses, explodes, and fades away, Snark-like, with immense Edwardian gusto. To watch Mr. Selten dialling "Pic" on one of those "damned cross - word" telephones, shaking with fleshly laughter, and generally caricaturing the middle-aged walrus about town is a refreshing sight for Georgian eyes. Mr. Ronald Simpson's solicitor's clerk, Robert Rendel's solicitor, and Mr. Cyril Smith's gentleman's gentleman deserve to marked on the brief for Counsel's Opinion.
"TRINCULO."

#### NORTHERN LIGHTS



AT THE EGLINTON PUPPY SHOW: MAJOR AND MRS. COATS (THE JOINT MASTERS), WITH MR. G. USHER, M.F.H. (left)



Victor Is LORD GRIMTHORPE AND COLONEL AND MRS. LEGARD



LORD GLASGOW, WITH THE HON. PATRICK BOYLE AND LADY HERSEY BOYLE, AT A CONGRESS AT LARGS



Victor Hey HAM-

AT THE SCARBOROUGH CRICKET WEEK: LADY VIOLET BONHAMCARTER, THE HON. MRS. GEOFFREY HOWARD, AND HER SONS

The top left-hand group on this page was taken at the Eglinton Kennels at Earlston after Mr. George Ueher, the Master of the Linlithgow and Stirling, had judged the young hounds. Major and Mrs. Jack Coats took over the ioint mastership in 1929. Many notable Yorkshireites forgathered at Scarborough to see New Zealand play Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower's XI. Among them were Lord Grimthorpe, who was very busy aiming his cine-camera in all directions, and Colonel Legard, a kinsman of Sir Digby Legard of Knapton Hall, near Malton. Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Sir Maurice Bonham Carter's wife, was staying with Captain the Hon. Geoffrey and Mrs. Howard at Castle Howard for the occasion. Mrs. Howard is the elder daughter of Lord Methuen, who celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday at the beginning of this month with a big party at Corsham Court. Lord Glasgow was photographed with his younger son and second daughter when they attended the Congress of the Royal Sanitary Institute of Scotland. Lady Hersey Boyle is seventeen years old. Her elder brother, Lord Kelburn, is a Midshipman

### THE GEE IN GYMKHANA



CAPTAIN M. J. KINGSCOTE LENDS A HAND



Dennis Moss
MISS ELIZABETH BINGHAM AND HER FATHER



AT THE SOUTH HEREFORDSHIRE HUNT GYMKHANA: CAPTAIN COPE, LADY BRIDGET KING-TENISON, MR. MAURICE, MISS O. LUCAS-SCUDAMORE, MISS MAURICE, MRS. LUCAS-SCUDAMORE, MISS G. LUCAS-SCUDAMORE, AND MR. GEORGE WIGMORE

Gymkhanas are always popular fixtures in sporting localities. The one got up by the Beaufort Polo Club was for children, and Captain Maurice Kingscote, M.F.H., was as usual a great help in making things go with a swing. There were foot as well as mounted events, and he is seen here with Clem Barton, the youngest passenger in the race open to the world for young stock not having won a prize. Miss Elizabeth Bingham, the youngest rider at the Beaufort Gymkhana and a promising four-year-old, is the daughter of Lieut-Colonel the Hon. Denis and Mrs. Bingham. Lord and Lady Westmorland's younger son, who was born in 1927, stayed well in the ball and basket race. The South Herefordshire Hunt Gymkhana owed its success to the good organizing powers of Miss G. Lucas-Scudamore. She and her sister are daughters of the late Colonel E. S. Lucas-Scudamore of Kentchurch Court, Hereford. Lady Bridget King-Tenison is Lord Kingston's younger daughter



GOING WELL: THE HON, JULIAN FANE AT THE BEAUFORT POLO CLUB'S CHILDREN'S CYMKHANA

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

RES CHER,-I dutifully went up to Paris for several nights this week in order to be present at the opening of the theatrical autumn season. (This was what we told each other!) There proved to be only one première of any note however, and that was Steve Passeur's play. He is our official shocker you know. Makes us try to blush and all that. He is Irish-French (unless it is French-Irish), wears goggles, and is very blond with a wisp of hair that sticks out on the summit of his head. He is one of the Bright Young, and is married to one of the prettiest magazine cover faces I have ever seen! Oh the perfection of the little creature's nose, and the gold of her curls, and the blue of her eyes; she is incidentally, I believe, a daughter of Mrs. Victor Rickard. But to return to Steve's play. It is a four-personage comedy called *Defense d'Afficher* (at the Gymnase theatre), which might (but probably won't) be translated as: "It does not pay to advertise" . . . one's sentiments understood. The plot, such as it is, deals with the very different methods employed by the young women to obtain their men, and though I tried my best to blush I found it all rather tedious. The Gymnase has quite a big stage, and four players on it are rather like small peas in a very big pod. It was not really inspiring despite the very brilliant acting of Charles Deschamps, Jean (meaning John in English and not Jean really) Worms, Madame Simone, and beautiful young Yolande Laffon, who, in private life, is the wife of M. Pierre Brisson, the eminent dramatic critic of "Le Temps" . . . which is rather hard on her, as an actress, since he makes a point of never mentioning her in his articles. It stands well to her credit, doesn't it, that they are yet a devoted

Of course it's dam difficult to "hold" the spectators of the First-First-Night audience of the season. Most of us have been living too near Nature not to be somewhat restless during our first evening's "close confinement"—you know what our Paris theatres are—and oh how we longed for air and a shut-eye before midnight struck! Those of us who have been keeping real-holiday-country hours, I mean, not the chemmy-all-night-and-pre-luncheon-cocktail-at-two-p.m. crowd!

ME SHAPE

"MIS" AND TWO RETAINERS

An attractive and unusual picture of the famous lady. It seems an outrage that the loveliest legs in all France (see they) should be encased in things like those Mistinguette has got on

in her film with Maurice Chevalier, whose personality usually blots out everything but himself in a silver-screen radius, He-Maurice-was in the house the same evening as I was; he has just returned from his holiday in the South with Yvonne



MLLE. JEANNE AUBERT

A new photograph of the beautiful Parisian actress who has had a great success in the U.S.A. in a musical play, "America's Sweetheart." Jeanne Aubert is acclaimed by the American Press as "about the last word in French perfection!"

Vallée. The audience recognized him, and gave him no peace until he joined Jeannette MacDonald on the stage, embraced her lovingly, and spoke "a little piece of gratitude for Self and Partner. His holidays over here have been very quiet this year, unmarred by the excessive advertisement that rather turned our tummies last year. He is a dear lad when his Press agent allows him to be. No doubt he has come to realize this, and hence put his foot down firmly (on the P.A.) this trip.

A fter these, and other evenings not worth writing about, I am "back on the Farm," Très Cher, busily putting my little summer home to byes for the winter. Such a lot of chores! Locks to be oiled! Mouse-holes to be plastered up! Woollies to be folded away in moth-tight wrappings . . . and all those bothersome little jobs that one is so grateful to have done when one opens the house the year after, but that one so hates doing at the time. There is the most glorious sunshine at time of writing, but the blowiest of N.E. winds. The sea is white-crested on every wave, and I am busier than ever, in between whiles, doing taxi work at low tide, for no one dares to take the boat, and I have many friends returning to the Continent.

Have you—to return to my putting the house tidy chores—any kind and house-wifely friend who has one of those Home-Chatty recipes for preventing mice from nibbling my books during the winter? If so, pass it on, please. I'd never have thought mice would have such a keen taste for literature. They simply adore Edgar Wallace, especially in the cheap editions, though, on the other hand, they have also done in quite a nice set of Balzac.

They won't touch Baring or Proust (and I am beginning to believe that I rather agree with them), but they have gone for Paul Achard's amusing "Nous, les chiens" tooth and nail, which, after all, is quite comprehensible. Revenge is sweet, even in the abstract.—Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.

Let me whis-

per it in your ear, but far more did I enjoy

my evening

at the Empire to see

Jeannette

MacDonald

-in flesh and berlud.

as the cliché goes

—dance, sing, and act her way intoour

hearts! She

is the sweet-

daintiest

thing. She dances as

lightly as Elsie Janis u s e d t o

dance, sings

as Yvonne Printemps still does, and acts

with all the

charm and

simplicity

that made

us sit up

and take

notice even

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#### MISS MARLENE DIETRICH

Schneider, Berlin

Marlene Dietrich has now firmly established herself as a Paramount film star, having made several big successes in alluring vamp parts in their super productions. It will be recalled that one of her early successes was with Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel," in which her beauty and talent were seen to distinct advantage. Later she appeared in "Morocco" with Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou, and then in another Paramount picture, "Dishonoured." Miss Dietrich has recently been spending a holiday in Germany, where this picture of her was taken

## THE DAY'S SPORT HERE AND THERE



MAJOR McCALMONT, M.F.H., AND MAJOR MITCHELL AT THE KILKENNY SHOW



Frank O'Urica MRS, H. HARTIGAN, MR, R. RINGWOOD AND MR. HARTIGAN, WHO WAS ONE OF THE JUDGES



MR. GROGAN AND MR. ROURKE



MRS. BALL AND MAJOR MORGAN AT A HORSE SHOW NEAR TAUNTON



IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS: MR. AND MRS. IAIN HILLCAREY



SON.

LADY WEMYSS AND HER GRANDSON, LORD ELCHO, IN GOSFORD PARK

The three pictures which head this page come from the Kilkenny Show, a successful fixture on which the weather smiled. Major McCalmont has been Master of the Kilkenny Hounds since 1921, and carries the horn himself. The kennels, which are at his home, Mount Juliet, are the envy of all beholders, and include a most up-to-date hound hospital. Mr. Hubert Hartigan, who trains at Ruanbeg, in Co. Kildare, and is an exceedingly popular person, was judging at the show, and the Carlow Hunt was represented by Mr. Grogan and Mr. Rourke. When a show of hunters and polo ponies took place recently at Cothelstone Manor, near Taunton, Mrs. Ball was in evidence in the ring. Mrs. Iain Hillcarey is the pretty eldest daughter of Mr. Duncan Macleod, of Skeabost, one of the show properties in Skye. Lady Wemyss and her grandson were photographed when the Scottish National Sheep Dog Trials were being held at Gosford, Lord Wemyss' place, near Longniddry. Lord Elcho will be twenty in January

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Wife (who has something "on," her husband): "And mind, if he beats you I shall do the same."

By H. M. Bateman

THE TATLER



LA FEMMI

By Tre

536-

THE TATLER



E ROUGE

mator

#### ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

## ABDULLA BALLADS



#### RIDING TO THE FESTA

Our ox-cart, festooned with the vine, Manoela, Is unworthy of beauty like thine—Manoela. Oh, Spain's loveliest rose, Thou hast changed us to foes Who would die for a Prize so divine, Manoela!

Thou wilt dance at the Festa to-night, Manoela, Like an almond-tree, swaying and light, Manoela, And thou canst not disdain Either worshipping Swain Since both bring thee Abdulla's Delight, Manoela!

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGVPTIAN

GRETA GARBO AND CLARK GABLE

This illustrated news from the film world includes a shot from "Susan Lennox; her Rise and Fall," which is Greta Garbo's latest picture, recently created by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at Hollywood. Miss Garbo's first great talkie success was in "Romance." Madge Evans, also appropriated by M.G.M., can play a fish as well as a part; both she and the camera were lucky when she was photographed. George Metaxa was lured to Hollywood after his long success in "Bitter Sweet," and quickly proved his worth at American film headquarters. He is appearing in "Secrets of a Secretary," a -Paramount production in which Claudette Colbert also stars. Maurice a Paramount production in which Claudette Colbert also stars. Maurice Chevalier has a new admirer—his Sealyham, Adolphe, which was a present from Adolphe Menjou. M. Chevalier (the Smiling Lieutenant) has lately been spending a very quiet holiday in France with his pretty wife, Yvonne Vallée

## FEATURES OF THE FILMS



MADGE EVANS GETS INTO A GOOD FISH



GEORGE METAXA IN AN AMERICAN FILM



MAURICE CHEVALIER AND ADOLPHE

#### FROM NEWS



MISS HEATHER THATCHER WITH CHARLES FARRELL BRAMWELL FLETCHER, AND COUNT JOHN McCORMACK



MISS JOAN LONG ISLAND

#### **AMERICA**



LORD SHREWSBURY, LADY WINIFRED PENNOYER, CHARLES PENNOYER, AND MR. PENNOYER



MR. BOBBY JONES AND MR. F. OUIMET



SENORA DE LARRANAGA



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT

Various noted

English visitors are included in these photographs from U.S.A. Miss Heather Thatcher, who is seen with two well-known film stars and the famous Irish singer, Count McCormack, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse at their lovely home near Hollywood, and is making the very most of her first real holiday for five years. The sunshine is glorious and so is the Wodehouse's swimming pool, so she practically lives in a bathing suit. Miss Thatcher has mer many of the movie stars and finds them most exhilarating. She is in no hurry to return home as the play which is being specially written for her will not be ready till December. Miss Joan Ridley, who has helped to raise the credit of British tennis in America, was photographed at the International Polo matches at Sand Point. Lady Winifred Pennoyer and her husband and two sons are also visiting Long Island. The king of golfers, Bobby Jones, was looking on when Mr. Francis Ouimet met Mr. Jack Westland in the finals of the National Amateur Championship at Chicago. Señora de Larranaga and her children are reiugees from Peru. Her father, Señor Leguira, formerly President of this revolution-stricken country, is now in prison at Lima. Mr. and Mrs Vanderbilt and their yacht, "Ara," are at Newport, Rhode Island

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AN ARTIST TO HER FINGER TIPS: MISS DAISY KENNEDY (MRS. JOHN DRINKWATER), THE VIOLINIST

Born at Burra, South Australia, and educated at Adelaide, Miss Daisy Kennedy went to Prague at the age of fifteen to study music with Professor Seveik. Continuing under the same master in Vienna, she made her début as a violinist both there and in Vienna, she made her début as a violinist both there and in United Kingdom, has also toured her native country and New Zealand, and has played to a grateful New York. This summer she was at Salzburg for the Musical Festival. Miss Tatiana Moiseiwitch, the famous pianist. In 1924 Miss Daisy Kennedy became the wife of Mr. John Drinkwater, the poet and dramatist. Their home, Pepys House, is at Brampton, in Huntingdonshire

Photographs by Yevonde, Victoria Street

WITH HER DAUGHTER, MISS MOISEIWITCH

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE vicar met one of the villagers one morning. "You are looking glum this morning, George," he said. "What's the matter with you? You usually look so cheerful?"

"Got a new 'at, sir," mumbled George.
"A new hat!" exclaimed the vicar. "Well now, I should have thought that was a matter for rejoicing."
"Aye," said George, "but it falls off if I laugh!"

 $A^{t~a~special~service~called~for~the~purpose~of~interceding for~rain,~a~coloured~preacher~began~his~sermon~by~saying,~ De lack~ob~faith~among~you~niggahs~is~appalling.$ Heah are we met to ask de Lawd to send us rain, and not one ob you has brought an umbrella to go home with."

he charity worker was paying her monthly visit to the prison.

Stopping outside one cell, she beckoned to the inmate.
"Well, my man," she said, "I suppose it was poverty that really brought you here?"

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders.
"On the contrary, ma'am," he said, "I was simply coining money.'

How dare you throw me out!" said the traveller. "I'd have you know that I represent a wholesale firm." "I beg your pardon," replied the doorkeeper. "Come in again and I'll throw you out of the main entrance."

"wo London cabmen were glaring at each other.
"Aw, what's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothink's the matter with me."

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first.
"Well," responded the other, "now you mention it, I see

that you certainly 'ave got a narsty look; but I didn't give it to ver.



MISS DOROTHY JORDAN IN "SHIPMATES"

The charming young woman who plays the female lead in the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture "Shipmates," in which her opposite number is Robert Montgomery



MISS EDNA BEST AND MR. HERBERT MARSHALL MAKE THE MOST OF THE LAST RAYS OF SUMMER

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Marshall have been taking the air at Elstree pretty frequently of late during the filming of Edgar Wallace's "The Calendar," in which they play leads. It is certainly to the advantage of English pictures that Edna Best got homesick in Hollywood

He was turning out his pockets before leaving the club. "I don't know anything worse than letting your wife find a letter you've forgotten to post," he murmured in explanation.

"Oh, I do," replied one man.
"What's that?"

"Letting her find one you've forgotten to burn."

The little son of a big manufacturer was taken by his fond mother to see the opening pageant at the circus, and he watched it with deep interest. "Well, what do you think of that, dear?" asked his mother.

"Some wage-bill!" exclaimed the boy.

He was a dreadful golfer, and his caddie was in despair.
"What should I take to this, caddie?" he asked, having

scarcely hit a shot all day.

"Best take your feet to it," said the boy in sarcastic tones, "and dribble it up the field!"

 $A^n \ \, \text{Englishman holidaying at a Scots golfing resort went to church on Sunday, and at collection time put a ten-shilling note in the offertory plate. Next Sunday he went again to the$ church, but on this occasion the sidesman, the local station-master, passed him with the confidential whisper, "You're a season-ticket holder, sir.'

've come to tell ye, Mrs. Murphy, that yer husband met with an accident," said Pat, twisting his hat round and round in his hands.

"And what is it now?" wailed Mrs. Murphy.

"He was overcome by the heat, mum."

"Overcome by the heat in January?"

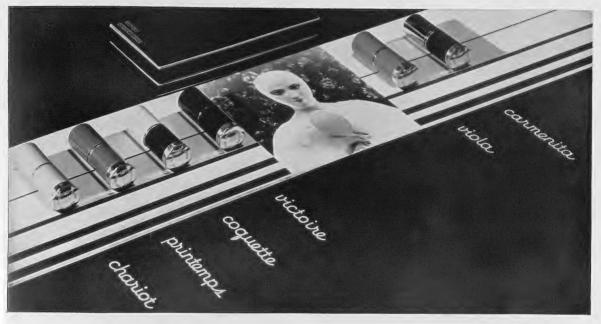
"Yes, mum. He fell into the furnace at the foundry."

A young man had just returned from his travels and was trying to impress a girl at a dance with his wonderful Arctic explorations.

"Just imagine," he said, dramatically, "an enormous ice floe!"
"Yes, I'd like an ice," she replied, absently. "But my name isn't Flo."

CHARIOT (Lacquer red case)—Rich flame . . . good with costumes of green, woodsy brown, black and flame-colour. PRINTEMPS (Fern green case)—Contributes greatly to the success of pastel frocks. It is also very lovely with black and white. VICTOIRE (All black case)—Rich and warm. Triumphant with a black costume! COQUETTE (Black case with oyster white top)—A deep red, with raspberry, winey tones. A dashing touch for the woman who likes a definite make-up. VIOLA (Blue case)—There is a hint of violet in this . . . just enough to make it perfect for wear with blue. CARMENITA (Black case with silver top)—Darker than Viola and a charming foil for dark colours

## Lipsticks of the Ensemble . . . .



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 The Arden Lipstick Ensemble, comprising six lipsticks in six charming shades is . . . 32/6 Individual lipsticks are . 6/6



## ELIZABETH ARDEN

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NEW YORK

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Balmain

AT NORTH BERWICK; MISS ROSIE NEUMANN AND SIR JOHN MAFFEY

Waiting their turn on those breezy links by the Firth of Forth. Miss Rosie Neumann is a sister of Sir Cecil Neumann; and Sir John Maffey, who is home on leave, has been Governor-General of the Sudan since 1926. He served a useful apprenticeship for a job like that, as may be said, when he was Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province in India

VERYONE knows so much about racing these days, even though the actual number of those who are jockeys—in the real meaning of the term—is now (as ever) strictly limited, that I feel sure that a little parable which I subjoin will be quickly interpreted. There are certain well-known and recognized reasons why a bad jockey fails to win races. The epithet "bad" I use in its fullest implication. Let us catalogue them:

(a) by pulling his head off, or a major dental operation known as pulling his teeth out; (b) by going the wrong pace with the right weight; (c) by going the right pace with the wrong weight; (d) by an abysmal ignorance of the art of waiting in front; (e) by lying too far out of his ground and leaving his horse far too far to come at (necessarily) the wrong pace; (f) by trying to go faster than his horse; (g) by deliberately going slower than his horse and making every pound weigh exactly double; (h) going the longest way home.

These, I think, cover the situation and are the main causes why "bad" jockeys don't or won't win races. It is always very trying to see a good horse messed about by a bad coachman. It is always futile to hear the reason why he (the coachman) got beaten. It is worse when you know that he has not an inkling of what "judgment of pace" means. A good jockey often can, and does, win on a bad horse; a bad jockey frequently cannot win on the best thing that has ever been lapped in leather. Some jockeys are, in the jargon of the race-course, so blinkin' bad that they can only win when someone pulls the winning post up by the roots and shies it at them. There is also a trite old saying that the only place for some people to ride is "in a cart with a net over it"—the implication, doubtless, is quite clear. There is a very good horse called British Empire and he is so good that he can win with even an inferior coachman, but he is the kind that deserves to have a really first-class artist on his back.

It is a great pleasure to be able to congratulate the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club on a very notable double—the Gimerack (Miracle) and the Leger (Sandwich). Where Sandwich is concerned his family tree is as good as a bank-note from the staying view-point, and we can but hope that Miracle's is the same; but the complete rout of Cameronian in the Leger, even

## Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

though due to his having fever on him, may make some people doubt a bit because that colt and Miracle are bred upon very similar lines. Personally, I do not think it should now that we know the cause, but eminent authority has cast a bit of doubt upon the staunchness of the pedigree. Cameronian has got Pharos (Phalaris, Polymelus) at the top of his pedigree, and Miracle has the same, with this difference that his sire is Manna (a Derby winner), another son of Phalaris. As to the rest of these two colts' pedigrees we find a spate of St. Simon (Galopin, Vedette, Voltageur, Voltaire, Blacklock), and there are some of us who are so bigoted about this Blacklock blood as to believe that its potency is such as to swamp anything else. Some people might suggest that both Cameronian and Miracle are bred too close to St. Simon. I do not think this is so, as it is not nearer in either case than the fourth generation. With hounds, who are often bred far closer than horses, that is considered, and I think we may take it as proven, as quite safe, and I fancy that that great authority, Lord Bathurst, would bear me out in this. Anyone who is interested will be struck by the similarity between Cameronian's and Miracle's pedigrees on general lines. In the bottom half they both get Bayardo (St. Simon) and another infusion of the same blood, Cameronian through Svelte (by St. Simon), and Miracle through Swynford's grand-dam, La Flêche (by St. Simon). In the top halves of their pedigrees both of them get a regular Niagara of that blood.

This ining to Blacklock justified itself in the case of His late Majesty King Ed-ward VII's three great horses-Florizel II, Persimmon, and Dia. mond Jubilee, and later in Bayardo, who went back both sides to Blacklock. King Edward VII's three famous horses are a useful text. Perdita II, their dam, Hampton out of Hermione (by Young Melbourne), her dam La Belle Hélène by St. Albans out of Teterrima

(Cont. on p. viii)



UP IN THE NORTH

Captain G. F. Maclean, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, in his own Highland dress (not in his regimentals), with Mrs. George Malcolm, wife of a brother officer, Mr. G. I. Malcolm. She is the daughter-in-law of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch



FINE PAINTINGS

## TOOTH

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AT THE PYTCHLEY PONY CLUB GYMKHANA

Mrs. Drummond of Pitsford Hall, with her daughters Miss Eve, Miss Rosemary, and Miss Edwina Drummond at Guilsborough, when mounted sports were the draw. Branches of the Pony club, which was organized to encourage children to be keen about riding, are flourishing concerns all over the country

T the time when this goes to press we are still waiting for a report of what has been happening in the American Open Championship at Meadowbrook, which opened—unless the weather stopped it—in the first week in September. "The Baron" possibly has not considered that it is of sufficient general interest in Europe to send over any records: but with all due respect I think "he" is wrong, because that which happens in this Open Championship may be of considerable use to us if and when we have a further go in 1933 to get back that International Cup. Declining to succumb to the wave of pessimism which a succession of Snowden avalanches has induced, and having an abiding faith in the guts of our nation, I am convinced that we are going to defeat this tempest which has been conjured up for us by our inept Prospero and come out on top-as per usual and according to (British) plan! I think anyone who goes about saying things to the contrary with a face as long as a fiddle and a voice that would be a fortune to him in the mortifices profession ought to be triced up and given half-a-dozen of the best just to "larn" him! Soberly I am certain that we make a mistake in looking at the roots instead of over the top of this fence. There is no surer recipe for a proper bumper and a neck as near broken as dammit, than looking down into the depths of the yawning chasm "forninst" you, as may be said. Therefore I decline to believe that we shall not challenge America in 1933 and fight her for all we are worth, as we have done many a time in the past and, as please the pigs, we'll do many a time in the future. It is because I believe this, and because you cannot have too much information in either war or its images, of which polo and hunting are two, that I wish Baron Reuter had sent us more than he has done, so far, about what has been and still is happening at Meadowbrook, Long Island.

There is not, of course, the same incitement this year as there was last to send name to Federal ment the send name to Federal ment to Federal ment the send name to Federal ment to Federal m was last to send news to England of the American Open Championship, because, bar our Captain C. T. I. Roark who plays for Mr. Laddie Sanford's Hurricanes, and our Mr. L. L. Lacey who plays for the Hurlingham (Buenos Aires) team, and, of course, if the U.S.A. and Argentine cross swords for that North v. South Cup (U.S.A. holders) for the Argentine, there is no Britisher engaged. Last year it was different, for the Templeton team, half British, dashed nearly won it, and were only beaten 6 to 5 by the Hurricanes after a very bitter fight indeed. Up to half time they were level 2 all; in the fifth chukker Templeton got 2 and led 4 to 2; in the sixth, the Hurricanes got a brace—4 all; and in the seventh they got two more-6-4; but in the last chukker Templeton made a desperate rush on them and got one, and lots of people who saw it thought they were unlucky not to have forced the game

## POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

to extra time. Of the eight people in those two teams three were British Internationals—Captain Roark, who played for the Hurricanes, Mr. L. L. Lacey, and Mr. H. P. Guinness, who played for Templeton (plus Mr. R. Guest and Mr. W. F. C. Guest). In the Hurricane's team they had one 1930 American International, Mr. Eric Pedley, and one ex-American International, Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, junr. In the Templeton side, plus our two just listed, they had Mr. Winston Guest, America's 1930 back. The class of the game is therefore well advertised, and it was this and his other American experience as one International back which brought Mr. Humphrey Guinness's game on so much. Anyone who had his eyes open saw what it had done in our own Championship this year, in which Mr. Guinness was the Merchiston back, and had an ex-brother officer, Captain H. N. Scott Robson, in front of him. As I have said before in these notes, I believe that in this beautifully elastic combination we have the back-end of our next International team, and I think that this may be borne out by the facts when we start to get down to it next season.

So far as I am able to judge by some published remarks by Mr. Harry Cottingham, who contributes polo articles to the New York "Spur," we are never going to win back that Cup because we do not train like the Americans do. This is news to some of us over

here. Mr. Cottingham, after having a short run through the

history of the Westchester Cup, says:

Now come diatribes on the United States specializing and making it more of a business than a sport. Quite true, but why the ad-verse criticism? Americans play as hard as they work; they like to win. and so the teams facing the British meeting after meeting go on the fields in hard condition, condition which the visiting British teams have not approached and can scarcely be expected to approach. for several reasons. The young Americans are amenable to discipline, regular hours, careful diet, little smok-ing, and lots of hard work; the older men on the English teams will not stand for these regulations. Neither have the British the numerous vast fields on which to get into the steel-hard condition of the Americans.

I do not know exactly where Mr. Cottingham has been reading these "diatribes, (Continued on p. xvi)



Dennis Moss

LORD APSLEY

Who used the airway to the Beaufort Polo Club's ground at Norton in Wiltshire. After playing for the Friar Park team, Lord Bathurst's eldest son again went sky high



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TO CAPTAIN OXFORD

Mr. W. Roberts (Cardiff and Brasenose) who has been elected to lead the Oxford University Rugby XV

#### PETROL VAPOUR

BY W. G. ASTON

But Why Grumble?

NE of the best rewards we littery gents ever get is not, as you might suppose, an always hopelessly inadequate cheque, but the fact that readers will positively take the trouble to write to us. Generally, it is but to find fault, but that is a very small trifle beside the effort it must mean (I myself abominate letter - writing almost more than anything in the world) to reach for the stationery, stamp the envelope, and go out and post the result. Thus I do not in the least mind being taken to task by a member of the Reform Club. He says I make too much fuss about the high standards and the low prices of the new models, and entirely ignore the condition of those motorists who have to be content with old ones. When, he asks, shall I come out with headlines such as "Garage rates cut 10 per cent."

"Insurance companies reduce premiums by 30 per cent to approved customers." "Horse-power tax down to 10s. per h.p." "Repair bills only half what they were in 1930"! "Big fall in lubricating oil prices owing to over-production in America." "Then," he goes on to say, "we shall know that motoring is really cheaper." Well, well, it doesn't, after all, seem that there is so very much to grumble about, for we

might be a great deal worse off than we are. Let us be thankful for small boons, for it is something that the prices of cars have steadily gone down. But let us deal with this correspondent's points, noting in passing that he is silent upon these not quite negligible items of fuel and tyres-both of which, in spite of everything, are much better and cheaper than they were before. Garage terms are principally dependent upon rent and rates, and as both of these factors have lately shown a tendency to go up I do not readily see how we can expect charges to go down. Few garage proprietors are making large fortunes. Insurance companies a r e probably doing not too badly, and it is about time they showed a gesture of generosity. But a reduction of anything like 30 per cent, is clean beyond the bounds of possibility. Meantime

there are a few decent concerns that treat a case on its merits, and will give very low terms to anyone with a really good record. The h.p. tax is, rightly or wrongly, a principle which successive governments have adopted, and I don't see how it is going to be altered until the Reform Club lives up to its name and does some reformation. As to repair bills these appear to be, in the average, remarkably low. It is hard to believe they can be made lower until wages for mechanics are reduced. And here again we impinge upon the political. A fall in oil prices would not do very much good to any of us who are not afflicted with atrociously wasteful engines. I am myself quite lavish of lubricant, for I do not keep dirty stuff churning round and round in any engine for which I have respect, but I doubt if two cars cost me £8 a year, so that any substantial saving in

that any substantial saving in this matter is out of the question. I like to hear "the other side" and, like everybody else, I should like to be able to effect a reduction in my motoring costs. But, honestly, I think they are down to as reasonable a figure as could be expected; more than that, they are lower than they very well might have been. So cheer up, Mr. Reform Club, and think of the nice time we are going to have under a tariff!



MR. J. G. ASKEW
Who will captain the Cambridge
Rugby team this year. He
went to Emmanuel College from
Durham

WATCHING THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY CONTEST FROM SEAVIEW

A group of experts waiting for Flight-Lieut. Boothman to set out on his record-breaking flight. Left to right: Mr. Richard Fairey and his father, Mr. C. R. Fairey, Mr. Glen. H. Martin, Commander Norman Holbrook, V.C., and Group-Captain E. F. Briggs, R.A.F. Mr. C. R. Fairey, the famous aircraft constructor, was a member of the Schneider Cup Committee. Mr. Martin is a great American authority on 'plane building

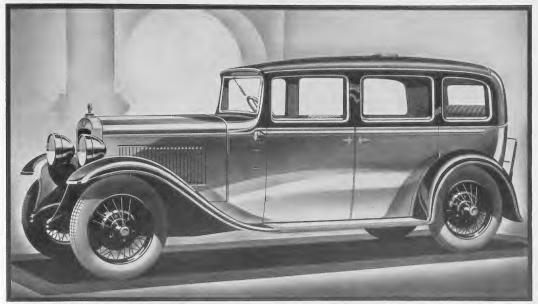
Quick Work.

The things that have to be done to a motor-car between the clinching of the deal and the getting of the thing really and truly into one's possession, so that one may go whithersoever one listeth, are so time-absorbing and so manifold, that I have often wondered how quickly they really could be completed. A publicspirited person might do worse than offer a challenge cup, with annual replica, for the best performance. Should he do so this year, I fancy that the trophy would pass into the hands of Pass and Joyce, whose presiding geniuses talk so nicely to one another in the advertisements. Into their showrooms a customer walked at 11 a.m. of a recent Saturday morning. At 11.45 p.m. he had agreed to purchase a new Rolls-Royce lying at the R.-R. showrooms in Conduit Street. The car was duly (Continued on p. xvi)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

#### AS. DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN

## A new Austin body style at a lower price—the SIXTEEN WINDSOR SALOON £298!



THE NEW SIXTEEN WINDSOR SALOON

HERE Austin has met thousands of wouldbe car owners' requirements by introducing this entirely new body style on the famous Sixteen chassis—here is combined the ultimate in medium-powered car dependability with coachwork that is modern, smart, spacious—yet priced at less than £300!

A full five seater, the new Windsor Saloon has a steel body with a new-type belt moulding which emphasizes its low sleek build. Four of the six windows are adjust-

able. Upholstery is of leather. The front seats are individually adjustable. A top gear performance of from six to an effortless sixty miles an hour, an unusually responsive liveliness, a positive braking system added to that outstanding dependability found only in the Austin, make this car a delight to handle—and to own.

To appreciate its real worth, you must examine and drive it—test its fine performance, its comfort, its ease of operation.

This, any Austin dealer will gladly arrange.

The Austin Sixteen range includes: New Westminster Saloon (4 window) £350; Burnham De Luxe Saloon £325; Burnham Drop-had Saloon £325; Open Road Tourer £290; Harrow Two-Seater £290. Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass throughout and chromium finish standard.

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. EVERY MONTH

## AUSTIN



The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

#### FAME LEAVES A LAUGH

#### By NELLIE TOM: GALLON

F an artist believes in his own genius, then he will strain every nerve to win the world's approval. Justly.

So Andrea Donati, climbing to his attic still carrying the small canvas he had tried to sell to old Radice the dealer, was not depressed. Simply as he passed the doors of all the rooms, better than his own, followed by the ever-growing, mingling smell of an apartment house in Florence, his Latin brain was busy with the eternal problem—how could he make for himself a ship of advertisement that he could launch on the river of success?

He went slowly for the problem nagged. He opened his door and the problem stayed, even behind the sharp annoyance

that sprang at him.

For that accursed Rosetta was here to bother him again! There she lounged over the table, her back to the door, not even troubling to turn her head. Simply waiting for him. But ready to begin her nagging, even her screaming of the day before. Oh! curse all models who wanted to be loved by a man with his way to make!

Donati strode forward, spitting out a mouthful of rage. He had told her never to come near there again. But the woman staved still, waiting——

Not till he had passed her, his hands raised in threat, his curses flowing easily, did he see why she was so still.

There was blood streaming down her blouse, dripping to the floor where the stileto he used as a palette knife had dropped from her dead hand.

He stared, his mouth falling to a square hollow in preparation for a scream. But the scream never came to birth, for the clatter of the picture he dropped roused him. Then as he stooped to it he saw the note under the dead hand at the edge of the table.

Only a line or so on a scrap of paper. Rosetta had loved him as a Southerner loves; had died to prove it.

Not for one instant did regret attack him. She was a bad model and had grown a bore as a lover.

But he was instantly wondering if this showy happening might not be made into the fine advertisement for him? Quick on that came the certainty that it might be—and then that the opportunity must be made the most of. This chance of publicity—of the world of Florence bandying his name from lip to lip—must have the very heart of it sucked out. Donati was pure Florentian!

"You fool!" he whis-

"You fool!" he whispered, quite close to the white face pillowed on the flaccid arm. "You were no use to me living—but dead?—that is better!"

A scheme was alive already in his brain, and the dead woman actually pointed the way again.

Against the end of the table where her hand depended stood one of his pictures that Donati knew to be good. Only another moment's thought, then he folded the scrap of letter to a narrow slip, and inserted it neatly behind the crosswise bit of wood in the stretcher at the back,

He drew to a distance to study the effect; was satisfied to see that it was within the bounds of a marvellous possibility that the dead hand might have dropped the paper, and that it should have fallen into that crevice at the back of the picture. He clapped his hands lightly.

Then with a clatter and a rush to the door and down the stairs screaming for help, shrieking that Rosetta was dead—all

blood-dead!

They came pouring out like rabbits from their holes, the people of the house, and they listened to Donati weeping and exclaiming, and whispered amongst themselves that only the day before they had heard the shrieks and screams and blows when he and the dead woman quarrelled.

And when officials came the crowd's whispers grew louder with their encouragement. They were clear denunciations.

To be sure, Andrea Donati swore that he had found the

To be sure, Andrea Donati swore that he had found the woman dead. But there was blood on his hands and the stiletto was his—a little bullying süch as an Italian policeman can give, and his declaration of innocence was shot through with the certainty of everybody (lacking Rosetta's letter) that she had had been brutally-murdered.

As he stood before an examining magistrate and stammered and broke down in his declaration of innocence, Donati could

hear the newsboys in the streets shouting news of the "crime." He wanted to shout with laughter—his name was in the papers at last. Every picture he had ever painted would sell. He was the man a woman had killed herself for; the man charged with murdering her. He would only have escaped by the luck of her letter being found behind one of his pictures.

He was seething with triumph; but he was a Florentian, and he made a splendidly artistic performance of—

ance of "Yes, they had quarrelled. Yes, she had driven him to desperation. But he had not killed her." Then more falteringly, undervicious pressure, "He had never meant to kill her." The magistrate fastened on that.

Donati hoped the letter would not be found till the examination had concluded. He wanted another edition of the papers to enlarge on the case. It would grow every instant in the charge of the public.

As a matter of fact he found himself locked in a cell at last where he could no longer hear the newsboys, and left for the night, and still the letter had not been found. He chuckled when he was sure he was not watched, ate, and then slept well through the night.

Then the next day he decided the joke on the polizia must end.

THE NEW PAVLOVA? MLLE, ROMA SAZANINA

Who in the opinion of members of the leading European ballet schools, before whom she danced recently in Moscow, is the successor to the late world-famous ballerina. Mlle. Sazanina's grace and style are strongly reminiscent of Pavlova from whom she received her first tuition at the age of twelve. Many of her dances are her own composition



#### Eve at Golf: BvELEANOR E. HELME

of surroundings, and now this is a crowning kindness. So was

the weather which the thoughtful Clerk had turned on, neither

So Miss Do-ran did it again, in spite of all the croakings of critics who said that she was not so good a player as twelve months ago, and prophets who pinned their faith on Miss Betty Roberts-Harris or Miss Peggy Grant. Or on



leen Merry and (right) Miss Betty Betty Taylor. The latter was a semi-finalist at Stoke Poges

Miss Kath-

Miss Pauline Doran (left), who re-tained her title as Girl Champion, with Miss Dorrit Wilkins runner-up for the second year in succession

Miss Dorrit Wilkins, for last year's runner-up in the Girls' Championship, having won the Essex Championship this summer, really did seem to have a rather better claim than anybody else to the title of girl champion. She did very nobly to be runner-up again, just as she was last year, and this year she carried off not only the prize for the runner-up, but also a most beautiful and artistic challenge cup which has just been given by Stoke Court Country Club to be held each year by thegirl staying there for the champion-

ship who goes furthest in the event. Stoke Court has always been a good friend to the girls. It is the headquarters of the event where everybody does just as they like in the most delightful



Admiring the Stoke Court Cup: Miss D. Taylor, Miss R. S. Morgan, Miss E. Pears, and Miss P. Grant, not forgetting Frederick Morgan and Mick, the mascot. This cup, presented by Stoke Court Country Club, to whichever competitor staying there goes furthest in the Girls' Championship, was won by Miss Dorrit Wilkins

your chief characteristic. She has a nice touch with the chips, a touch good enough for her to learn rather more variety of shots round the green than she has at present, and for the greater part of the championship she showed herself a really good putter. Also she has a stout heart. And the touch, and the putting, and the heart are things harder to acquire than crispness and length. These will very likely come in due course. Meanwhile she has done remarkably well, and what is more, she has two more years of the championship still before her, and this year was actually the youngest competitor but one.

That youngest, Miss Pam Barton, was also the longest hitter, and a drive and a No. 3 iron to take you right home at the 9th, which is

The Rushmere Twins: Miss Peggy Whitfeld and her sister, Betty. The latter was beaten by Miss Pauline Doran in the semi-final round at Stoke Poges

uphill and measures 420 yards, is good enough to be going on with. Miss Dorrit Wilkins plays just the same neat type of golf that she did a year ago, and for the most part her approach putting was a thing of joy. The ball rolled up so close to the hole that only indeed the greatest stickler in the world could ask her to hole out the next putt. As a matter of fact, putts are seldom given at Stoke Poges, whereat some spectators say, "How absurd!" others, "How wise!" and others again, "It ought to be made compulsory for everybody (Continued on b, xx)

too hot nor too cold, with nice bright sun to dry up the dew, and no raging wind to lead anybody astray into the knee-deep bracken where the press photographers are so fond of

posing their poor victims. On the whole the standard of golf was good, distinctly good. If there was not quite such a spate of out in the thirties as last year, that was because there was very much less run on the ball than there has been in drier seasons, but Miss Doran's 37 out and three over 4's for the fourteen holes of her match against Miss Betty Roberts-Harris were as good figures as you could want even if the hyper-critical were more impressed by the figures than the shots.

To be quite frank, Miss Doran's style is not so convincing as some of the other girls', but then it is not reasonable to expect everything all at once, and when you have grown as extensively as Miss Doran, crispness of hitting is not likely to be



Finding the right line: Miss Mervyn Barton, a pig-tailed competitor in the Girls' Championship

# Fit your cigarette to the occasion

When lingering over the coffee and liqueur you may well indulge in the luxury of those opulent De Reszke Americans.

20 for 1/6

For the normal everyday occasion, when you are not too hurried, you will wisely choose the standard De Reszke Virginias.

20 for 1/-

And for a "brief-time" smoke (e.g., between the dances) there are the new (and nowfamous) De Reszke Minors—a beautifully made cigarette of precisely the same choice Virginia leaf as its bigger brothers.

20 for 8d.



## DE BESZKE - of course!

The Highway

Felt and velour are very imseason. It is of these fabrics that the hats on this bage

Chepstow Place, are made; the model above is of tucked felt, ornamented with a tuft of ostrich feathers, while the one in the centre is of stitched velour with modish double crown and drooping brim

The Return of the "Frou-Frou."

MONG the first to show their autumn collection of fashions in London were Bradleys, Chepstow Place. All exaggerated features were eliminated; indeed, whereever the frocks, wraps, hats, and other accessories are subsequently worn, they are sure to be the cynosure of all eyes on account of their graceful lines and soft colour-schemes. As the taffeta evening dresses "passed," there was heard the old-world "frou-frou," and glimpses of lace-trimmed petticoats as well as graduated flounces of lace were caught. This was the nearest approach to the bustle. A few of the lace frocks were stiffened at the hem; the corsages fitted the figure, and there were many clever devices for emphasizing the small waist. There was only one representative of the "blouse" evening dress; it was not a separate affair, but formed an integral part of the dress; it fitted perfectly. There is a new velvet which is really not thicker than the petal of a rose, indeed it suggests a chiffon with a velvet finish.

The Grecian Corsage and Soft Draperies.

he new black velvet made the skirt of the blouse evening dress; after the hips were passed the skirt was decidedly full, while the corsage or blouse portion was of shell-pink velvet; it came to a point in front, the neck-line being arranged with a cowl drapery; the shoulder-straps became braces, then widened, and were converted into a loosely-tied bow with very long ends. Another chef-d'œuvre was expressed in sea-crest green peau d'ange, and although destined for evening wear the sleeves were long with three puffs, the corsage was draped on Grecian lines, there was a hip yoke, then at the back a folded train was introduced; it was lined with a darker shade. A frock whose aspect could easily be varied on account of the velvet over-dress, which

of Fashion

is making a tentative for favour, Bradleys have introduced it on the two-tone reversible velour hat above. An important feature of the felt hat at the base is the plaited brim. The fashionable velour tricorne above it is trimmed

As the eye veil

could be slipped on in a fraction of a second, was expressed in narrow flat frills of lace; an important feature was the detachable sleeves with rather large puffs; they camouflaged the elbows.

with attractively clipped wings

A White Cloth Evening Frock.

Much interest was aroused by a white cloth evening dress; it was cut, on princess lines evening dress; it was cut on princess lines with a deep yoke of massed pearls about the size of There were several versions of the tunic dress; there was one of white marocain, the lower portion of the skirt being accordion pleated. By the way, many unusual features were present in a carob brown taffeta dress; the neck-line was cut in a V at the back; the hip yoke was gauged vertically with an outstanding frill at the centre of the back which hinted at a bustle; the remainder of the skirt was divided into alternate sections of superimposed leaf motifs, while the other had a heading of smocking which accounted for the subsequent general fulness.

Points of Interest.

There were so many dresses shown at Bradleys that it is impossible to a that it is impossible to give a detailed description of more than a few. Among many interesting features were ankle-length skirts for evening wear; shoulder straps became braces at the back-in some instances, instead of being attached, they were weighted with jewelled pendants; another new idea was to let them terminate in a half moon floating motif of silver or gold tissue. Generally speaking, sleeves were conspicuous by their absence; however, one model had a tight-fitting sleeve to the elbow, and then finished its career in a deep frill; some long sleeves had a series of puffs—evidently their fount of inspiration were those that are present in the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Massed flowers frequently entirely outlined or half-outlined the neckline. Sometimes the V at the back was (Continued on p. ii)



By

M. E. BROOKE

Paint this Special Lotion on your face to-night

and see the difference to-morrow

However scrupulously you may cream or wash your face every day—your skin still secretes certain poisons that are beyond the reach of any ordinary leansing, yet must be removed before your skin can breathe and function at its individual best. Cream and massage will loosen them; soap and water will wash much of them away. But only Cyclax Special Lotion will attract them—irresistibly as a magnet attracts iron; drawing every particle of impurity to the surface of your face, ready to be eased away with skin food before washing in the morning. One single application will free your skin of poisons that have been tiring and worrying it for years, and once your skin is in healthy condition a weekly application of the Lotion will be sufficient to carry on the good work. This essential cleansing is the basis upon which I have built my entire Cyclax Treatment.

#### I AM NOT ASKING YOU TO GIVE UP HOURS OF YOUR TIME TO THE CARE OF YOUR SKIN

Ten minutes night and morning should easily cover all the rest of the routine. You simply nourish your skin night and morning with a skinfood that, like all Cyclax preparations, is medically sound as a doctor's prescription; remove all trace of skin-food with Cyclax Soap and water in the morning; use a liquid non-greasy powder-base that will protect without clogging the pores or attracting stray particles of dust in the air; and a powder blended exactly to match your colouring. That ten minutes will enable you to start each day afresh with a skin that is looking its youngest and best and that will remain so as long as it is cared for with Cyclax. (If you have any special problems on which you would like an opinion please write me at the London salon . . . or better still call, if you are able. I shall be so very pleased to help.)

Graves Henning.

## CYCLA

CYCLAX LTD., 58, SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.1, PARIS, BERLIN & NEW YORK



CYCLAX SKIN FOOD.

Nourishes and braces. For normal skins. And in three other strengths. Cyclax Special "O" Skin Food for dry skins. Cyclax Special "E" Skin Food for building up relaxed chins and throats, and Cyclax "Baby" Skin Food for exceptionally sensitive skins. 4/-, 7/6.

CYCLAX COMPLEXION MILK.
(Slightly astringent.) Prevents relaxing of the skin. 4/-, 7/6.

CYCLAX SOAP.

Specially prepared, with exceptionally abundant lather which removes every trace of skin food. Softens and whitens the skin. 3/6 per tablet.

CYCLAX BLENDED LOTION.

Gives the skin velvety finish under powder. For dry skins use Cyclax "Sunburn" Lotion. 4/6, 8/6.

CYCLAX CLEANSING LOTION.

For cleansing the face when washing is inconvenient. Instantly removes dust and make-up. 4/-, 7/6.

4/-, 7/6.

Made in 7 shades or specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6, 6/6.

FREE BOOKLET, Send to-day for free Cyclax Book, "The Art of Being Lovely." It tells you about the Special Lotion and Cyclax Treatment, giving you full directions for using everything in the Cyclax range and help with special skin difficulties.

Cyclax preparations are obtainable from high-class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers throughout the country,

Service Advertising F.

#### HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued THE

finished with silk fringe; this was very decorative, especially when the fabricating medium of the frock was lace. Another new idea where the bustle was concerned was a soft cushion of black and red ciré ribbon; it was seen in conjunction with a black lace dress.

Breitschwantz and Silver Fox.

I t is difficult to do justice to the furs that were shown at Bradleye as it was the were shown at Bradleys, as it was the working of the skins that gave that thing different" effect that is so highly prized by the modern woman. There was a black breitschwantz coat collared with silver fox, the scheme completed with a black velvet hat ornamented with bird of paradise plumage. One silver fox stole was composed of three skins; it was draped

lightly over the shoulders and was seen in conjunction with a muff of the same pelt. An accessory that appeared with a black mousse hopsac ensemble was a long scarf finished at the ends with silver fox; in the fraction of a second it could be converted into a muff. There were several small capes trimmed with fur, and it seems almost superfluous to add that there were many new ideas in coat frocks, tailor-mades, and little frocks for wearing with fur wrap coats.

#### "Countyx" for Town and Country Wear.

In these days, when economy has to be practised, women are laving out their dress allowances extremely carefully; they insist that their frocks and wraps shall be sponsored by a firm whose name is associated with fashionable vet not extreme creations, excellent workmanship, and good materials. All the tailored suits and coats that bear the name of Countyx fulfil these requirements. The Countyx ensemble portrayed on this page may be seen at Margaret Marks. Knightsbridge. It is carried out in Yorkshire Saxony suiting; the corsage of the frock is arranged with a. simuli bolero, a

similar idea being repeated on the skirt, while the long coat is trimmed with Bokhara lamb, and of the coat and frock one may become the possessor for 141 guineas. There is a variety of Countyx models, including cardigan suits for 41 guineas and wrap coats trimmed with fur for the same price. They are sold by outfitters of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Countyx, 3, Vere Street, Oxford Street, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

Sail Red and Cedar Brown.

Reverting to Margaret Marks salons, it must be mentioned that she makes a feature of suits and coats, woven jerseys, and cardigans all dyed to match in lovely shades of paradise green, sail red, and cedar brown. It is not until these colours have been seen that one is able to realize how altogether charming they are. Even the 42 guinea cardigan suits and wrap coats are available in these nuances. To put the matter in a nutshell, no woman must consider her wardrobe efficiently equipped until she has visited these pleasant salons in Knightsbridge,

Individual Hats.

I t must frankly be acknowledged that the hat problem has been surrounded with difficulties during the past few months, consequently women have postponed buying their autumn headgear. Liberty's (Regent Street) catalogue will enable them to solve all millinery difficulties; as pictured

therein there is something for every type of face and for every occasion. There are simple light-weight velour hats with becoming narrow brims (they can be arranged to suit the prospective wearers) in three sizes in the new autumn shades for 12s. 11d. In striking contrast to these are the graceful tricornes enriched with ostrich plumes for 6 guineas. There are sports felt hats with the new forward tilt for 21s. 9d., as well as many variations on the Glengarry theme for the same price. A feature is likewise made of tweed caps and scarves.

Shopping by Post.

Shopping by post is the simplest matter in the world when the aid of Peter Robinson's (Oxford Street, W.) autumn catalogue is sought; it will be sent gratis and post free. The prices prevail. are that exceptionally moderate. This firm has such an enviable reputation for coats, wraps, millinery, and lingerie that it is sometimes overlooked that they excel in accessories. For instance, there are shaped natural fox collars for 39s. They can be adjusted in the fraction of a second. Medici-shaped collars of sheared coney with ermine tails are 42s.



A FASHIONABLE COUNTYX ENSEMBLE

Of which two views are given. It is carried out in Yorkshire Saxony suiting, the coat trimmed with Bokhara lamb. At Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge

## This is where advertising fails



Ciro Diamonds in Platinette setting with jewelled shoulders. Prico



iro Emeralds (or apphires) and Diamonds. Platinette



4892 Ciro Diamonds set in Platinette - £1 1 0



All Ciro Diamonds set in Platinette £1 1 0

Control of Salar Contro

Ciro Sapphire or Ruby and Diamonds in Platinette - £1 1 0

It is impossible by words or pictures to give you any adequate conception of the remarkable new achievement by Ciro's—creators of the world famous Ciro Pearl. The new Ciro Diamonds on points of fire and beauty concede nothing to the finest mined gems.

How can we make you believe so startling a statement? We are not going to try. We can do no more than give you the opportunity of testing it conclusively to your own entire satisfaction. At our Showrooms you may examine real diamonds and Ciro diamonds side by side. See for yourself if you can discover any difference. If you cannot we make a

#### SPECIAL OFFER

enabling you to wear any piece of jewellery set with the new Ciro Diamonds for 15 days free of all obligation to buy it.

We will send you on receipt of one guinea any jewel illustrated here. Many other new designs will be found in the illustrated catalogue which a post card will bring you. Whatever you choose it will be yours for fifteen days. Wear it. Show it to your friends. Compare it with real diamonds; if in every way you are not absolutely satisfied you must return it and your money is refunded at once. But frankly, we do not expect to see it again. The lure of lovely things is too great and—this is a secret—we have often succeeded in puzzling our own expert, so nearly have Ciro diamonds reflected reality.

## Ciro Diamonds

Produced by the creators of Ciro Pearls

#### NEW CATALOGUES FREE

CIRO PEARLS Ltd.(Dept. 8A), 48 Old Bond St., W. 1; 178 Regent St., W. 1; 120 Cheapside, LONDON.

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#### The New Furs

The Fur Season of 1931-2 may be said to have begun with the opening of Revillon Frères' Collection for the Autumn and Winter.

At 180 Regent Street you will find the mode, very prettily feminine, authoritatively reflected in models for all occasions—
of fur, of material fur-trimmed—in neck-pieces, in scarves, at prices of marked moderation.

A

## Revillon Frères

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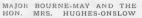
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NEW YORK

#### AYR AND EXERCISE: THE WESTERN MEETING







MISS BETTY CHESTER, HARRY WRAGG, AND LIEUT,-COMMANDER E. LEAKE



TOM COULTHWAITE AND THE HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY FANE

Even though the sun was an absentee, the second day of the Western Meeting at Ayr was a great improvement on its predecessor in the matter of weather. The contests were quite exciting and social support good. Mrs. Hughes-Onslow is Lord Crofton's daughter and the wife of Lieut.-Commander Geoffrey Hughes-Onslow. Miss Betty Chester, of Co-optimistic fame, loves a day's racing and picked the brains of Harry Wragg and Commander Leake as regards winners. The former rode Lord Rosebery's Huron, which won the Scottish Derby on the previous day, and Commander Leake had two horses running at the meeting. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane's colours were also on view. Everyone who goes racing under N.H. rules knows Tom Coulthwaite, who had the great satisfaction of training the winner of this year's National, Grakle



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## MISS VISTOEU WE BEAUTION THE ACTRESS WOW PLANTING THEATRE WOW PLANTING TO MARTING THEATRE WOUNG IDEA IN ST. MARTING THEATRE WOUNG IDEA IN ST. MARTING THEATRE

IN my opinion the most significant change in stage life is that everyone has to work harder to keep pace with the improvement in public taste, and this means that every player must give of his or her best unvaryingly. In order to keep myself up to this standard, I invariably take a periodical course of Phosferine to ensure that my physical powers are always equal to the tax they are subject to. Not only as a safeguard against, but as a remedy for, any nerve disorders, I find Phosferine is invaluable, and enables me to go through my rôle nightly with an unflayging zest, and with still sufficient energy thoroughly to enjoy such tennis, golf, walking, dancing, etc., as I can manage in my brief spells of leisure."

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You will be delighted to see how quickly, how effectively your skin responds to this simple clarifying, beautifying treatment.

Luxuria, Price 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9. Beautifying Face Cream, Price 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-. Lemon Lotion, Price 4/-, 8/-. Moth and Freckle Lotion, Price 3/6, 7/-; are obtainable at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for our free booklet, 'All for Beauty,' which tells you delightful ways of improving your looks in your own home.

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they would unquestionably go "as the crow flies"-they would follow the French Line route, for London-Plymouth-New York is as straight a line as any crow ever flew.

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#### Pictures in the Fire-continued from b. 544

by Voltigeur by Voltaire by Blacklock. St. Simon's pedigree is given above—straight back to Blacklock. Bayardo, who occurs in both Cameronian's and Miracle's pedigrees, is also inbred to Blacklock. He gets two lines through Galicia, his dam, and one through Bay Ronald, his sire, whose dam, Black Duchess, was by Galliard by Galopin. It is looking forward a bit to next year's Derby, and some people may be after telling us that we need not look much farther than the Golden Hair colt and Cockpen, but they both get Amphion, and Cockpen at any rate has marked to that speedy horse's colour, chestnut. The Golden Hair colt. on the other hand, has not, as he is a bay—and so was Sunstar the Derby winner, whose great-grand-papa was Amphion. Speaking without any prejudice whatever, on a critical analysis I prefer Miracle's pedigree, and I should certainly like to see Lord Rosebery win his second classic next year. I have had such happy times on the owner's horses in that exhilarating Whaddon country that in this regard I am prejudiced! But frankly, I think, both on the book and on the look, Lord Rosebery may have something quite outstanding in Miracle, who has been put to bed

for the season. He is a big upstanding colt, and I should think well over 16'2, so that probably the more time he has the better. I am not quite sure, but I think he was one of the many I saw as a yearling.

If we dive even a little way into the pedigree of Lord Roseberv's Leger winner, Sandwich, we find how he also is inbred to Blacklock. Take as one instance a horse which is in the top end of the pedigree, John o' Gaunt, sire of Swvnford, grandsire of Sandwich. John o' Gaunt is by Isinglass out of La Flêche by St. Simon by Galopin by Vedette by Voltigeur by Voltaire by Blacklock. Isinglass is out of Wenlock by Lord Clifden by Newminster out of The Slave. The Blacklock nick comes



ON HONEYMOON IN JETHOU

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Winkfield, who, after providing Guernsey with the wedding of the year are spending their honeymoon on the smallest inhabited Channel Island. Jethou, of which Mr. Compton Mackenzie was recently the tenant, is 44 acres in extent and is described in a modern gazeteer as having a population of two.
Mr. Winkfield is in the Border Regiment. His bride's
father is Bailiff of Guernsey, a post which carries with
it many interesting duties dating from feudal days

through The Slave's dam, Volley, who was by Voltaire by Blacklock. This again looks like breeding a bit too close, but is not so as a matter of fact, for there is a good deal to balance it on Gondolette's side. She is Sansovino's dam. Of course the rest of Sandwich's pedigree is stiff with Galopin (Blacklock) all the way through plus Bend 'Or, which means Rouge Rose, Ellen Horne, two of the great jument base mares upon which the French breeding scientists base their faith. Lady Mischief, the grand-dame of Sandwich, is by St. Simon (Galopin, Blacklock) and Vain Duchess, her dam is by Isinglass, who through Volley, as just mentioned, goes back to the same root (Blacklock). Sesame, the dam of Buckwheat, the grandsire on the dam's side of Sandwich, is by St. Simon. Maize, Sesame's dam was by Hampton, who gives us another Blacklock infusion through Lord Clifden's dam, The Slave, out of Volley by Voltaire. I have dug all this out because I may be doing someone a bit of good where next year's Derby and Gold Cup are concerned. I have no doubt whatever about Sandwich being bred to stay for a week-end, and I do not think that we need be unduly nervous about the similarity between Miracle's pedigree and Cameronian's; now that we know what was the matter with Mr. Dewar's charming little colt on Leger day.



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#### WEDDINGS AND

Marrying Abroad.

Marrying Abroad.

On November 12, Mr. Robert Lord Holt and Miss Sara Newton Worthington are being married at the Bethlehem Chapel, Washington, D.C.; sometime in the same month Lieut.-Commander C. F. H. Churchill, Royal Navy, marries Miss Vivien Swan, and the wedding will take place in Malta; and on December 21 there is the marriage between Mr. T. E. S. Bell and Miss Peggy Hartheau, which is to take place in Bomber. Haythorne, which is to take place in Bombay.

Late September.

To-morrow (24th) Dr. Eric Boyland and Miss Margaret To-morrow (24th) Dr. Eric Boyland and Miss Margaret Esther Maurice, the daughter of Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice and Lady Maurice, are being married quietly; Captain Ian Norman Macleod, 6th Gurkha Rifles, and Miss Stephanie Kathleen Pocock

have fixed the 28th for their marriage the Church Our Lady of Vic-tories, High Street, Kensington: Engineer - Comman. F. H. Lyon, D.S.O., R.N. (re-D.S.O., R.N. (re-tired) and Miss L. E. Davies are being married at Rve Parish Church on the 29th.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. David Baird, M jun., younger son of Mr. David Baird and Mrs. Baird of St. John's, Newfoundland, and Miss Beryl Warren, the second daughter of the late Hon. LL.D., and late Mrs. the late



laude Harris MISS PAULINE TURNER

Who is engaged to Mr. Reginald E. J. Daubeney, 3rd Carabiniers, is the daughter of Princess Galitzine and the late Mr. Henry S. Turner

#### ENGAGEMENTS

Warren of St. John's, Newfoundland; Captain H. D. Tucker, 8th K.G.O. Light Cavalry, I.A., youngest son of the late Rev. W. L. Tucker, M.A., and Mrs. Tucker, and Miss Phyllis Lorna Nealor, the only child of Lieut.
Colonel W. S. Nealor, I.M.S., and Mrs. Nealor, Mr.
Frederick Lewis Saunders, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lewis Satiniters, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Saunders of Jersey, and Miss Irene Fuchs-Sayer, only daughter of Mrs. Arthur Sayer of Birmingham and Jersey; Mr. Walter Claud Strickland, eldest son of Mr. C. S. Strickland of Barnfield, Charing, Kent, and Miss Charmian Louise Hessey, the only child of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. C. Hessey of Oakhurst, Bethers-den, Kent; Señor José-Maria Souviron, the elder son of Señora Huelin de Souviron and of the late Señor J. Souviron of Malaga, Spain, and Miss Olivia Margaret Rose-Price, the third daughter of Mr. A. D. Price and

Mrs. M. C. Price of Valparaiso, Chili; Mr Eric F Brodie, Royal Artillery, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Brodie of Haremere Hall, Etchingham, Sussex, and Beryl Mary Carver, the daughter of Mr. Cecil J. Carver of Tilton, Denton Road, Eastbourne (formerly of Singa-pore), and the late Mrs. Carver; Mr. Maurice E. Turner, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Turner of Sandown Lodge, Esher, and Miss Yvonne Noel Jacques, the younger daughter of the late Mr. J. Jacques of Arnewood Towers, Sway, Hants, and Mrs. J. C. Chaytor.



Holloway

MR. AND MRS.

J. B. MUNRO

MISS EVELYN WATTS

The younger daughter of Major-General and Mrs. C. D. R. Watts of Selhurst, South Farn-borough, who is engaged to Mr. Robert Albert Glanville Bingley, 11th Hussars

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#### LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The so-called summer has now definitely departed, unregretted, and our thoughts are turning to autumn amusements and occupations. The show season opens again with the Scottish Kennel Club Show on September 30 and October 1 at Edinburgh. This show is usually remarkable for its display of gun dogs, as is fit in Scotland. In connection with gun dogs the Field Trial season will have opened by the time these notes appear as the K.C. Retriever Trials take place on September 22 and 23. With these trials the real Field Trial season commences.

The labrador has lately distinguished himself at trials in a most remarkable way. A large proportion of dogs competing are labradors as also are the winners. The labrador is a dog of many parts, as besides his usefulness at his legitimate work in the field there is the other side to his nature; as a companion he is second to none. He is a devoted friend and a most intelligent companion, also he is



JAPANESE SPANIEL
The property of Mrs. Hope



BISHAM DAN
The property of Mrs. Anderson

a dog of great dignity of character, and can be trusted never to let you down if you take him about. He is a non-fighter also, though he can hold his own when pressed. In addition, he does not easily make outside friends, though perfectly courteous to strangers unless roused. Mrs. Anderson's labradors are well known to us all. She has steadily worked her kennel up and now has some first-rate speci-mens. She has most reluctantly to reduce her kennel, and has some especially good dogs for sale including the winners, Bisham Dan, Craigleith Darby, and Bisham Rona of Hebron. These dogs besides being winners are sell him to dispose of to make room for coming litters. Mrs. Hope says, "As they are not closely related this would be a good opportunity for anyone to start a kennel of these charming little dogs." She adds, "The idea that they are delicate is absurd, because from my own experience I find they are not so." She also has a fawn pekinese for disposal. Mrs. Hope lives at Wallington, half-an-hour by electric train from London, and would be pleased to show her dogs to anyone or would bring them to

London by appointment.

\*
Letters to Miss Bruce,
Nuthooks, Cadnam,
Southampton.

trained gun dogs. She has also some good golden labradors for work or companions, and a lot of young black puppies. All are for sale at moderate prices to reduce. Dan is a good sire, and is by Lady Howe's famous dog, Champion Banchory Danilo.

It is unnecessary for me to introduce Lady Faudel Phillips' chows—they are world famous. She sends a photograph of Wigwam Wu Wan and says, "He was bred by Miss Ely and won four firsts at Richmond in 1930 and one first and the championship at the same show this year. Unluckily he was entered in the wrong class (one only) and was disqualified. He is a most beautiful dog, has a wonderful body, bone, legs and feet, and straight hocks. He was not in full coat when the photo was taken. I have some lovely puppies by him, reds and blacks—both sexes. I am not asking big prices as I want to dispose of them soon." There is no better judge of a chow than Lady Faudel Phillips, and it can be seen how good this one is.

 $M^{\rm rs.\ Hope}$  sends a snap of her Japanese dog. He is a small dog, house-trained, and a winner. She will sell him to a good home. She also has some pupples by



WIGWAM WU WAN
The property of Lady Faudel Phillips



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A visit to the Roussel Salons entails no obligation. There you will find expert corsetieres happy to take infinite trouble to fit you intimately. And you will delight in the luxurious comfort and freedom of your belt by Roussel. Awkward lines and too generous contours melt away under its insistent massaging effect. The most economical Belt you can buy. It lasts so long—does so much. And remember: Six months free adjustment service.

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#### TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

Warmth Night and Day.

Rooms that are kept at an even temperature night and day are undoubtedly beneficial to the control of the contr undoubtedly beneficial to the general health in this uncertain climate. Nowadays this atmosphere can be enjoyed by every average household at a cost no greater than is necessitated by constant lighting of fires. It is achieved by the Esse stoves, which burn anthracite or coke nuts, and are scientifically designed to burn continuously without consuming much fuel or needing attention. No daily lighting is necessary, The heat can be easily regulated. these stoves. The Chaudesse, and the ventilation is automatic. There are several variations of

lar type are given in a catalogue which will be sent post free on application to Smith and Wellstood, Ltd., at 11, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

A stove that burns night and day but is sur prisingly economical to run: the "Chaudesse," which can be fixed in front of an ordinary fire-place and burns authracite or coke. The even temperature night and day is beneficial to health

which is pictured here, fitted in front of an ordinary fire-place, burns pea-size anthracite, and costs on an average under 5d. a day to heat a room 18 ft. by 16 ft. These stoves are obtainable with and without removable fire fronts. Full details of these and other models of a simi-

A Shingled Head-dress with Side Curls.

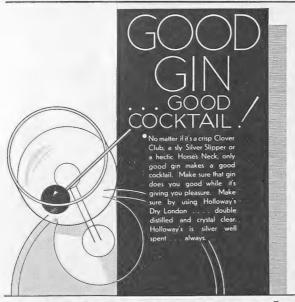
oiffures nowadays must suit the millinery modes, and not vice versa as in former times. The attractive little onesided hats of this autumn need soft curls

showing on the side of the head that is left exposed. coiffure, which is smart as well as becoming, is the shingled head-dress pictured below. It is a creation of the Maison Nicol, of 170, New Bond Street, W., the well-known experts on hair-dressing. The curls are fuller on one side, and on the other is introduced the new Finetta parting, very fine and flat, which is indistinguishable from Nature. Head-dresses range from 20 guineas and transformations from 15 guineas.

Every branch of hair-dressing is carried out by experts in these salons, and a brochure, giving ful! particulars, can be obtained post free on request by all Another readers. speciality of this house is hair-tint-ing. The Nicol Vegetable Hair Regenerator is a simple preparation which can be used at home with success. To obtain the best possible results it is advantageous make a personal visit to the salons first in order that the hair can be studied by experts and exactly the right tint chosen. Permanent waving without electrical heaters is the method used by this house, and is remarkably successful with every type of



A charming coiffure with soft curls at one side to suit the new millinery fashions. It is a shingled head-dress created by the Maison Nicol of 170, New Bond Street, W., and is indistin-guishable from Nature



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#### Petrol Vapour-continued from p. 548

registered, insured, fitted with number plates, the A.A. examination concluded, the triptyque issued, the banker's indemnity arranged, everything about the vehicle put *au point*, and at 2.55 p.m. the happy owner was *cn route* for Dover and the Continent. That is

cn route for Dover and the Continent. That is just inside the four hours for the whole business, which strikes me as pretty heetic going and easily defeats all the other time-cutting attempts of which I have previously heard. For record purposes I suppose the starting-off time would be 11.45 a.m., that is 3 hr. 10 min. for the foralities. I mentioned this to a pal o' mine in the motor business this morning. His only comment was, "What could P. and J. have been doing all that three-quarters of an hour?"

The Major.

spent a very pleasant and informative after-I noon trying (I positively will not say trying out") the capabilities of the Morris Major. This I take to be thoroughly represen-tative of that admirable class of low-priced. high-performance 6-cylinder car which has been so briskly developed within the last few months and is now engaging the efforts of so many manufacturers. The Morris Major, in fixed head saloon form, costs 10s. under the round £200. It is so well turned out, so goodlooking, and so impressive in its dimensions that you cannot help thinking that the catalogue printer has made an error. There is such a lot of motor-car for the money, and it is all such good motor-car. Everything that the most costly vehicle offers is here: automatic radiator shutters, sliding seats, wire wheels, hydraulic brakes, four-speed gear-box with "silent third" (and it is quiet, too), "Eddyfree" front to the body, and all sorts of other attractive things "too noomerous to mention." The car is low in weight, the engine plucky and vigorous, and the performance of the Major is consequently very striking. It is very easy to set up a

THE YOUNG IDEA

Miss Noel Winterbottom and her pony, Paddy, negotiating a hurdle during the children's jumping competition, which was a well-supported event in the recent gymkhana at Membury in Wiltshire. This was organized by Mrs. Woolland in aid of the League of Mercy, a cause which is very near her heart

conspicuously high average. Anything easier to handle could hardly be imagined, indeed my only criticism is that the steering is almost too light, so much so that you have to get used to it before you feel quite at home. But the car, taken as a whole, is an altogether marvellous production, and, personally, I have not the least doubt that a huge success awaits it.

#### POLO NOTES-continued from p. 546

but it is not an over-statement to say that in any British papers which I come across unqualified admiration of American methods of organization and training is usually expressed. They do make a "business" of it, train hard and get the reward; but I do not think Mr. Cottingham is quite just when he says that "the older men in the English teams will not stand for these regulations." That is wide of the mark altogether, and incidentally in 1930 we did not play a team of greybeards. Mr. Cottingham is far nearer the mark when he talks about our lack of "fast fields." Unfortunately we cannot beat our own climate, however near we may go to beating America. Man for man our people are as good as theirs. Train here as we do, we start with a heavy handicap, plus the disadvantage of an overseas expedition. I should hate to see the conditions of this Cup varied and America agreeing to come over here and fight us, because I think it is up to us to beat her on her own ground, and that we can beat her I am certain if we give our team all the chance it ought to have and send it out early enough. It the conditions of the Cup were varied in our favour and America sent a team over here it is quite possible that we should be no better off. They would send over a team that had been in constant practice on their fast grounds, while we should probably have to go into action with a team trained on the kind of soggy grounds we so often have. I venture to suggest to Mr. Cottingham that he is greatly in error when he says that no British International polo team that he has seen has been in hard condition!



## A DREAM CAR,

the sort of car you see in cigar-smoke, the sort of car you might have, one day, is here \* the New INCOLN

It is the last word in luxury transport, yet costs so very, very little.

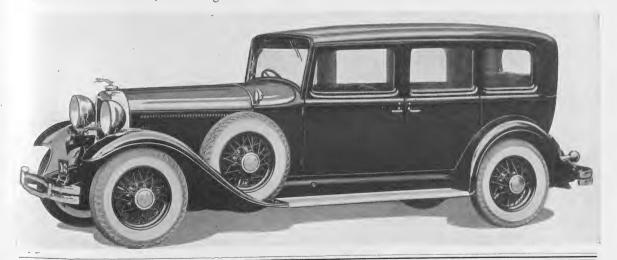
It is literally noiseless, yet will lap the Brooklands Track at 80.85 miles per hour.

It is definitely fast, all out, but it will climb the Brooklands Test Hill on top gear.

The veriest novice can change gears, up or down, on the New LINCOLN, without fumbling, hesitation or a sound, thanks to the New LINCOLN Free-Wheel, built right into the

transmission, the Free-Wheel that operates itself as soon as you take your toe off the accelerator-pedal.

Try the New LINCOLN. We want you to drive it yourself, anywhere, at any pace you prefer. Whether or not you are buying a car just now, we want you to know the New LINCOLN, inside and out, top and bottom, because it is definitely, demonstrably THE CAR OF TOMORROW!



\*A RING ON REGENT 7272 WILL BOOK A DEMONSTRATION, AT ONCE. LINCOLN CAR DEPT., FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD., 88 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.I.





MISS ANNE PHILIPS AND (inset) HER FIANCE CAPTAIN O. N. D. SISMEY

This picture was taken at Bembridge and shows Miss Phillips hauling her craft ashore after being unlucky enough to capsize during a sailing dingly race. She is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Brug-General and Mrs. Lewis Philips, who live at Hill Grove, Bembridge, and a niece of Mrs. Woodroffe, another noted "native," Her fiancé, Captain Sismey of Offord Cluny Mamor, Hunts, is in the 60th Rifles



CONGRATULATIONS FOR VOLING TENNIS STARS

The Commissionaire of the All England Club, who used to be a stoker in H.M.S. "Marlborough," thoroughly approved of the fine match provided by Miss Sheila Hewitt (left) and Miss Kay Stammer in the final of the Junior Tennis Championship Singles, Miss Hewitt, the winner, is the daughter of Admiral Hewitt



#### Air Cushions? There's nothing in them-

That is not quite true-there is air in them-nothing else. No metal springs to rust and grow weaker, no stuffing to go musty and harbour dirt and worse. The transparency below shows that the rubber container is skilfully designed. Two inner tubes carry the weight and are very lightly inflated, an outer tube holding more air stiffens the sides and front and definitely prevents

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Kaye Don was on Float-on-Air in Miss England II.



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Barcelona. Monastery of Montserrat.

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling. The Country of Romance which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across pain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtexy is proverbial. In sharp into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtexy is proverbial. In sharp the artist, there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky. On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature app y to the offices of the National Boara for Travel in Spain—at PARIS: 12, Boulevord de la Madeleine; NEW YORK: 695, Fifth Avenue; ROME: 9, Via Condott; GIBRATIA: 53-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons-Lits, or The American Express, or Dean & Dawson Ltd., or any other Travel Agency.



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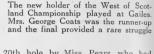
the manufacturers for patterns, name of nearest retailer, and descriptive literature.

J. MANDLEBERG & COMPANY, LTD. (Dept. T), VALSTAR WORKS, PENDLETON, MANCHESTER

#### Eve at Golf

to hole out everything." The pity of it was that just when putting mattered most for Miss Wilkins in the final it broke down, and it was quite definitely bad putting which flung away the Championship for her just when she seemed entirely safe.

The chief event of the first day was the setting up of Miss Peggy Grant, who comes from Furness, as favourite. Miss Betty Roberts-Harris, who was by way of sharing that position, rather tottered on her pedestal when the youngest competitor held her so firmly for the first part of their match, although in the end the elder girl won by 4 and 3. But it was even more alarming for



MISS NAN BAIRD

Miss Doran to be taken to the 20th hole by Miss Pears, who had never played in the championship before. But Miss Pears is a really steady golfer who hits the ball firmly and has no nonsense about it. She refused some chances at the beginning and at the end she did not

get them, but it was a great match. So was the other 20th hole one when Miss Morgan beat the elder Miss Barton by putting her iron second dead for a 3. That particular match was played in 1 hr. 50 min., which just shows that the fashion set by Miss Fishwick of sprinting round Stoke has been well followed ever since. And if some of the referees would hardly agree with the epithet refreshing (for the day was hot and not everybody shared the players' iced water at the turn), at least the Press and the gallery found it infinitely preferable comparatively to run round the course rather than to stand rooted to the spot, while some elder golfers, who shall be nameless, study the shot from every possible angle and with every club in their bag, before they can make up their minds to hit the ball.



THE HON. ROBERT AND MRS. LYTTELTON On the North Berwick links. No ball game comes amiss to a Lyttelton, and Lord Cobham's uncle, like so many members of this famous family, made cricket history in his youth On the second day Miss Betty Taylor of Hadley Wood began to be noticed for her nice style and her splendid sticking power-she had shown that on the first day when she beat Miss Kathleen Merry after losing the first 4 holes to her-and the upshot of the morning was the semi-final in which Miss Wilkins beat Miss Taylor 4 and 2, and Miss Doran beat Miss Betty Whitfeld, the lesser light of the twins, by 3 and 1.

In the final Miss Doran never looked like a winner until the 11th hole where Miss Wilkins stymied herself and suddenly lost touch on the green. Miss Doran is too good a player to lose a chance like that, and she really deserved her 2 and 1 win.

Miss Gourlay gave away the prizes with the very nicest of speeches which left every competitor there fully determined to live up to the high standard of Simone, Enid, and Diana, as Miss Gourlay called them, and if they could not do it at once, to go on trying until they did.

An ex-girl champion who is well away on the right road is Miss Nan Baird for she spent that Stoke Poges week in winning the West of Scotland Championship which was played at Glasgow Galles. She had a desperate time before she could beat Mrs. George Coats one up in the final. Miss Baird had put out Mrs. Andrew Holm, the 1930 Scottish champion, at the start of the proceedings, and altogether it was as stout a week's work as any girl champion might hope to do.



Amid the hurry and the bustle of arriving and departing trains, the "good-byes" and the greetings, there are all the ingredients of throbbing basels and ferved heads and frayed nerves. On such occasions remember that the soothing, cooling influence of genuine "4711" is at your service. Dab a little of this exquisite and genuine Eau de Cologne on your face and the palms of the hands, put a few drops on your handkerchief and bathe the temples with this revivifying fragrance and you will remain cool and fresh in the most tiring circumstances.

The same stimulating fragrance is present in the "4711" Bau de Cologne series of Toiletries, the Soaps, Powders, and Bath Salts, etc., which, together with a wide range of other delightful Beauty Aids, are identified by the well-known Blue and Gold Label.





"4711" Eau de Cologne Toilet Soap. A pure and refreshing super-faited toilet soap. In Blue and Gold Boxes of three tablets 8d, per tablet, Box of three 2l-



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The Sphinx and the Chefien Pyramid, near Cairo.

#### VISIT

## **EGYPT**

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A 27 DAYS' TOUR (18 days in Egypt)

£80.10s.

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Cheaper Tickets for Second-Class accommodation are also available, and Nile Trips can be arranged in connection with the Combined Tickets.

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THE STEAMSHIP COMPANIES + OFFICES of COOK-WAGONS-LITS + AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY COX & KINGS and DEAN & DAWSON also at the

EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU, 60, Regent St., London, W.1.

#### Fame Leaves a Laugh-continued from p. 550

He realized that there could have been no search made of his room. Realized that the officials would not think it necessary. They had the dead woman, and they had him and the weapon. Nothing more to search for. Donati grinned happily. But he needed a messenger; and even here his luck lasted.

For Henrico Chomette came to make loud commiseration and was sent to bring to the prisoner a certain picture, carefully described, from his room. He was to bring a few brushes and paints—Donati would amuse himself. But Chomette was to wrap the picture carefully, and bring it just as it was, immediately. When he came back with it. under the very eyes of the polizia the note with Rosetta's confession should be found; dramatically!

In a little while Chomette was back, but with empty hands.
Old Radice, the dealer, had been to Donati's room already, and had carried off every picture he could find! He had assured the people in the house that he would be responsible to his dear friend and client Donati.

Now indeed the prisoner had hard work to keep his face grim and frightened. For what could be more splendid than this? Old Radice would sell to the tourists at good prices the pictures of that "so horrible assassin" Donati. Directly he handled the one with the concealed

letter he must discover it; and that picture would reach a fancy price! A picture that had saved a man's life!

Donati had only to be patient. The letter must be found in a matter of a few

But even his triumph, his iron nerve to strain the last drop of advertisement from this situation, began to give a little after two days.

When Chomette came again he tried to question him carefully. He could not give away his splendid secret. It must come out naturally, or the so stupid polizia might imagine the priceless scrap of paper held a carefully prepared forgery.

But Chomette could tell him nothing but that Radice had carried off the pictures. And Donati set his teeth and waited.

At the end of seven days, when they told him his trial would come on the morrow his nerve gave way. He felt

he did not want to face the real trial for murder. When Chomette came again he held to him, seeking for a new scheme

And Chomette, knowing his friend's vanity, told of how the papers were full of the name of Donati. Every day they had enlarged more and more on his tremendous passion for Rosetta; the passion that had swept his artist's soul to murder. The surmise was that it had been jealousy of some more fortunate man that had brought about the murder.

But Donati scowled at that; bade him go to Radice and find out about the selling of the pictures. Where were they- especially the one that Donati had wanted brought to the prison-to work on? Chomette must go at once-the "artist's soul" required to know about its creations!

Chomette offered feeble excuses-dodged - till he had Donati frantically anxious. But Chomette was a weak one; when he was on his knees with Donati's hands about his throat he wept and gasped out: The pictures-yes. But all are gone."

And now Donati trembled and knew there must have been some flaw in his scheme. Had the letter been too well hidden? Was it on its way to America with some tourist oozing gold? Must be give away his so splendid scheme to save his life?

He was shaking as he drove at Chomette with "You must go back

That night on which the old Radice fetch away your pictures—that night his shop it burn! They are all gone—your pictures. . . . My poor, tragic Donati. But if you can only persuade them you are not a murderer . . . then this advertisement, when you paint again, everything it will sell! . . . You have only to prove that you did not murder Rosetta when your trial it comes!"

And he shrank away in terror. For Donati was laughing. And the laughter grew to a great shout.

And in between the gusts of it came—
"This advertisement—I have only to prove—!" and then the terrible gusts of laughter again and again.



ALL DRESSED UP

Miss Margot Grahame (left), the British film star, and Miss Edith Day of musical comedy fame, recently took part in a very charming "Garden Masque" at Birchington-on-Sea in aid of the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. They are seen with the honorary organizer, Captain L. J. D. Gavin

to Radice and tell him to look . . ."
"But, yes—yes—my poor one! But only listen to your friend.



Modern Woman retains her / effeminate daintiness

FOR all her triumphs in the world of affairs, questions of Dress and Fashion concern her as deeply as ever. So, in the midst of a busy life, she wisely trusts in COURTAULDS' FABRICS. They keep her abreast of Fashion. They afford her all those beauties of colour and graces of line which contribute so much to her joy in the social round. They satisfy her instincts for quality and worth. See the new shades and designs for Autumn and Winter wear.

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The reductions in the prices of a 11 "His Master's Voice" records could not have been better emphasized than by issuing Sir Edward Elgar's "Nursery Suite" at 6s. a disc. This work is the most important by the Master of the King's Musick published for a number of years, and it was recently recorded by the London

Symphony Orchestra conducted by the

### Durward)'s

COUNTRY and SPORTING GARMENTS



THE shooting costume above is of Scotch tweed in russet-brown colourings faintly overchecked in white. The coat has inverted pleats at the back to give complete freedom of movement, and the deep pockets are spacious without being bulky. The skirt is slightly flared.

Made to measure £8 18s. 6d. Ready to wear £7 17s. 6d.

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66 TONS OF MONEY"

The Famous Aldwych Farce, with
RALPH LYNN and
YVONNE ARNAUD

"THE EASIEST WAY"
The Year's Greatest Sensation, with

The Year's Greatest Sensation, with

CONSTANCE BENNETT and

ADOLPHE MENJOU

#### THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and practical information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road, and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

A'l Travel queries are promptly answered by post. Enquiries should be addressed to-

"THE SPHERE'S" TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2

#### NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

A gala matinée is being held at His Majesty's Theatre on October 30, at 2,30 p.m., in aid of the Prince of Wales' Builder Fund of Toc H and the Toc H League of Women Helpers. The famous play by the late Jerome K. Jerome, entitled The Passing of the Third Floor Back, will be given. An all-star cast are kindly giving their services. A 130-guinea diamond brooch has been generously given by Cartier, Ltd., for which 2s. 6d. (donation) tickets will be sold. The price of seats—which may be obtained from Margaret Maclean, 7, St. James's Street, S.W.1—is from 5s. 9d. to £3 3s., or boxes may be booked by arrangement.



THE NEW SUN LOUNGE AT THE PALACE HOTEL, TORQUAY

A magnificent new sun lounge, which has been constructed adjoining the ballroom and overlooking the beautiful hotel grounds. The fact that Vita-glass has been installed ensures that the guests at the Palace Hotel will have the best advantage of all the sunshine that the Clerk of the Weather is wont to provide

Palace Hotel will have the best advantage of all the sunshine composer in the that the Clerk of the Weather is wont to provide presence of the interpretation of the presence of the interpretation of the presence of the interpretation of the presence of the process and her two children, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, and her Royal Highness was so delighted with the grandeur of the performance that the fifth movement, the Wagon Passes, was played again at her request. Another noble record, released at half-a-crown less than was previously possible, is that giving Beniamino Gigli singing in English Sullivan's "Lost Chord" and Tosti's "Good-bye." Truly here once more Gigli reveals himself as the glorious tenor, a mighty singer of mighty songs and the true successor of Caruso. The organ accompaniment is well worthy of this great voice. A further triumph at the lesser cost is provided by Rachmaninoff and Kreisler with Schubert's Duo for Piano and Violin in A Major, the four movements on three records, an enchanting flood of melody by these supreme partners in your home forfall time. Favourities of a few years ago, still retaining their charms as fresh as ever, are the vocal gems of Florodora, by the Light Opera Company complete with "Tell me pretty Maiden," and selections from the comic opera, Dorothy, rendered by the band of H.M. Coldstream Guards.

All those who wish to go abroad for the winter and have not made up their minds just where to go should acquire "Egypt and the Sudan, 1932," issued by the Egypt Travel Bureau, 60, Regent Street, London, W.1. This booklet is full of excellent reading matter, a 1 l u r i n g photographs and helpful suggestions for tours. Among the many attractive articles is one by the famous novelist.

Robert Hichens.

The theme of Stafford Dickens' Just



SEVENTY MILLION CANDLE-POWER IN LONDON FLOOD-LIGHTING SPECTACLE

One of the most striking demonstrations of flood-lighting in connection with the International Illuminations Congress is now working at Carreras' Black Cat Factory in the Hampstead Road. Three hundred lamps, with an aggregate beam candle-power of sevenly million, are operated to give two-colour effects, and as four colour changes are made every minute. Londoners are being presented with a spectacle of remarkable beauty

Dickens' Just Another Day, with which the Repertory Players will open their current season at the Savoy on September 27, is semi-domestic, and not unlike Monckton Hoffe's Many Waters, though it is described as being more "commercially flories' Edward Chapman (the Jess Oakroyde of Good Companions) plays the male lead, and Charles Carson is the producer. The play is written in scenes instead of acts—eight of them.

 $F^{\rm rk}$ . Sonja Henie has consented to give an exhibition of free skating at the Hammersmith Ice Drome on September 24 at 8.30 p.m. Admission to the Ice Drome is 3s. 6d., which includes skating.

## SELFRIDGES



How readily the closely woven fabric responds to active limbs, without growing harsh. How sturdily each charming garment endures hard usage—every part is thoroughly overhauled before being passed as perfect. High and uniform quality has gained for this Pure Wool underwear a great following for value and long service.

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#### MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The women driving in the International Alpine Trial had different views about how to dress. Mrs. A. G. Gripper, who shared the wheel of a Riley Monaco Saloon with her husband, was dressed for



MR. RALPH LYNN

With his new 25-h.p. Sunbeam with enclosed limousine body. This was recently supplied to Mr. Lynn by Messrs. C. R. Andrews, Ltd., of 50, Berkeley Street, W.

touring in a neat costume and small hat. Princess Shelag of Liechtenstein, who drove a big German car, wore khaki trousers, a white linen jacket and a helmet. Their cars were as much a contrast—the Princess's large and elaborate, Mrs. Gripper's small and very efficient-looking. If there had been a concours d'élégance for drivers during the International Alpine Trial, the winners would probably have been the six members of the official Riley team, Captain Cecil Riley, V. Leverett, G. F. Dennison, W. McKenzie, T. C. Griffiths, and W. L. Greenway. In their dark blue overalls they looked extremely cool and comfortable, while the white rig-out of their Czecho-Słovakian rivals was besmeared with dust and grime after a day's run. The British cars—overseas tourers with dark red fabric bodies—looked much more presentable after a gruelling day in the Alps than their light-coloured rivals.

Fifty machines for making tyre cord by a new process which gives much greater resistance to fatigue have been installed in the Dunlop cotton mills at Rochdale. "We have such faith in the process," said a Dunlop official in an interview, "that twenty per cent. of our total plant at Rochdale is now working on it, and we intend eventually to introduce the system throughout the mills. The process, which puts two twists in the thread for each turn of the spindle instead of one, is not entirely a new discovery, but up to recently it could not be worked satisfactorily because it was impossible to prevent the spindle from oscillating. This difficulty has now been overcome, and the new process yields a better controlled yarn. There is no limit to the amount of twist that can be imparted to the yarn, and greater control of elongation is obtained. The production of tyre yarns by the new process is exclusive to Dunlop, and incidentally it gives more continuous employment to operatives since new stock can be continually added."



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In picturesque surroundings. This is the new light family car just introduced for the 1932 season



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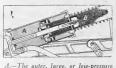
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B.—The inner, small, or high-pressure cylinder.

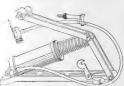
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BURBERRYS Ltd. HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.I

#### Air Eddies

(Cont. from p. 526)

enormous, but there was not the slightest uncertainty in any of them. Flight-Lieut. Stainforth's was a magnificent performance which surpassed anything he has done before and consolidated his position as the world's premier speed pilot.

Organization.

few words must be added upon the organization of the Schneider Trophy contest. Commander James Bird worked enthusiastically as chairman of the Schneider Trophy Committee, and Royal Air Force officers, from Sir Charles Lambe and Wing-Commander Huskisson down, had co-operated to such purpose that everything went by the clock. When boats were needed, boats were there. When the course was supposed to be clear, it was clear. In fact it might almost be said that the organization was as much a triumph as the feats of Boothman and Stainforth themselves.

Of the future no one can yet speak with any certainty. There are plans afoot for establishing a speed trophy for international competition to be called the "Houston Trophy." It would be fer aircraft of limited engine capacity and capable of landing in some prescribed distance. It would be a gracious way of



FURTHER SOUTHERN SUN WORSHIPPERS

Those who have guessed that this group comes from Monte Carlo will have got the answer right straight off. The names are Mrs. John Munroe, Mr. William Wessel, Mrs. Kilvert, Mrs. Troyte-Bullock, Prince Cyril Schertatow, Miss Kilvert (very pretty indeed), and Mr. Moore

commemorating Lady Houston's generosity provided it could be ensured that the race would be well organized and well run. Lady Houston has permitted Great Britain to set up a new Schneider course, 100 kilometres and 3 kilometres world's records, and to win the Schneider Trophy outright. Her gift at that critical moment about six months ago must never be forgotten.

The Bruckner Festival in Baden-Baden, October 2-5, 1931, arranged by the Stadtische Musikdirektion, Baden Baden, brings a selection of the monumental master-works of the great Austrian composer. The first performance includes the so-called Symphony No. 0, the IVth, and VIIth Symphony, Mass in E flat, String-quintette and organ compositions. The conductor will be Ernst Mehlich.

An interesting little booklet has been issued by the Zeeland Steamship Company, concerning that charming country, Holland. It is reached in a few hours and in perfect comfort and without passport visaing trouble, by the new fast, perfectly appointed steamers of the Harwich-Flushing Day Service. It can be obtained from the Zeeland Steamship Company Greener House. 66-68, Haymarket, S.W.1.

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A smartly dressed, efficient maid is a perfect "Ambassador of the Host." Garrould's new booklet bearing this title contains all the latest styles in Maids' and Domestic Staff uniforms. The trend of the moment. Exclusive designs. Attractive and durable materials in all the newest colours. London's leading Hotels and Clubs come to Garrould's for their Uniforms, because they know style, quality and price are always right. Send for a copy now, post free on request.

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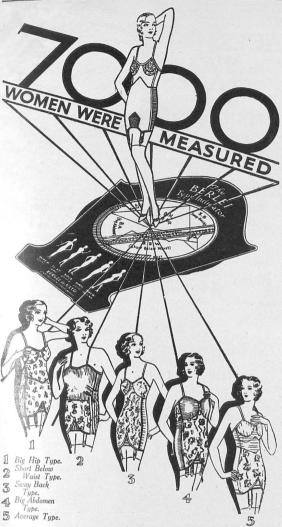
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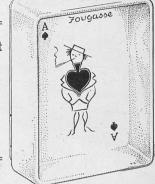
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